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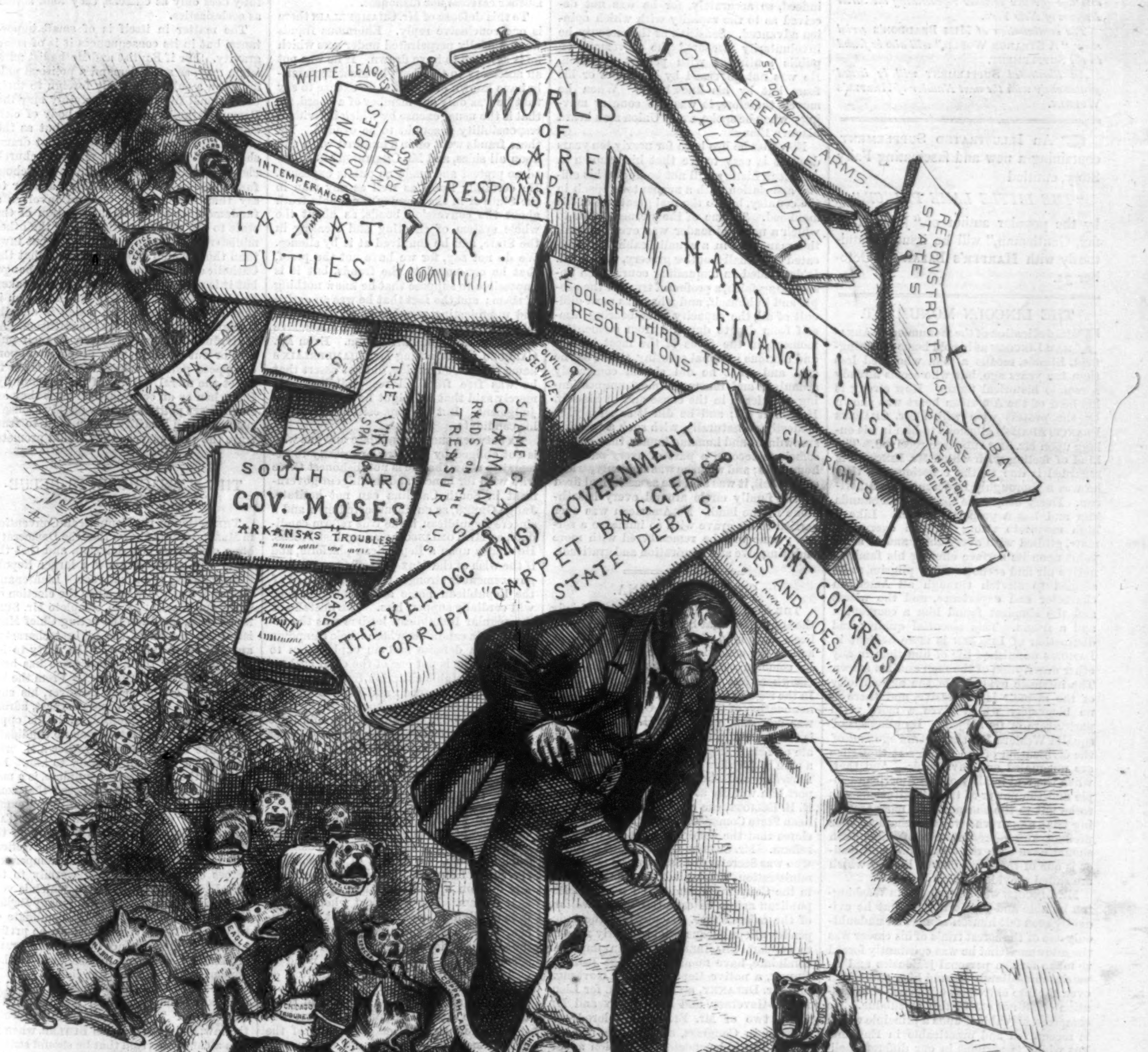

A BURDEN HE HAS TO SHOULDER.

And they say, "He wants a Third Term."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

Among its attractive features are a double-page engraving, entitled "Starting for the Pyramids," and two effective sketches representing the Street Beggars of New York.

The continuation of MISS BRADDON'S *serial story,* "A STRANGE WORLD," *will also be found in the* SUPPLEMENT.

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by the popular author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," will be issued gratuitously with HARPER'S BAZAR for October 31.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

THE dedication of the monument to ABRAHAM LINCOLN at his old home in Springfield, Illinois, recalls a man who died less than ten years ago, but who seems already a remote historical figure. How strong is his hold of the American heart was shown by the protest with which Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS's allusions to him in his eulogy upon Mr. SEWARD were received. The kind of feeling with which Mr. LINCOLN is regarded is due to the consciousness that he was a thoroughly representative American. Every body feels that he understands him and has a property in him. Like a high mountain rising through every climate, girdled with every zone, and at some point upon its surface offering his familiar native air and scene to every pilgrim, so he seemed to stretch through all American character and experience, and the wisest and the simplest found him a companion and a friend. This essential quality and distinction of LINCOLN is more evident in LAMON'S unfinished life of him than in any other description of the man and his career. The intrinsic evidence of the authenticity of the memoir is conclusive, and there is no biography which gives a more vivid portraiture of its subject. Its glimpses of squalid Western life sixty years ago and of the civilization of the frontier at that time are unequaled and invaluable. And that, when the real quality of the American people and the power of their institutions was to be put to the sharpest and most searching trial, a man who was the characteristic product and representative of them both should have been the official national leader is one of those wonders of history which are called providential.

Mr. LINCOLN was surrounded in Washington by able and patriotic men, but he evidently soon felt himself alone, and undoubtedly one of the sorest trials of his career was the allowance that he was constantly forced to make for the personal jealousies and rivalries immediately around him, and which even the dire extremity of the national situation could not extinguish or subdue. He composed his cabinet upon a principle which is recognized and practicable in England, but which is perilous in our different politics. He surrounded himself with the defeated candidates for his own position, and who were therefore presumptively schemers for the succession. One of them only, however, Mr. CHASE, became apparently a serious rival. But the Secretaries of State and of the Treasury were not warm friends. Mr. SEWARD did not hesitate to express his wonder that the President should have appointed Mr. CHASE, and the friends of Mr. CHASE were very cool toward Mr. SEWARD. But Mr. LINCOLN, sad and smiling, kept his solitary way. On the morning when he read the Emancipation Proclamation to the cabinet, he began by reading with great enjoyment a chapter from "Artemus Ward's" book, and then opened the grave subject. In the little address that he made to the cabinet Mr. CHASE states that he said: "When the rebel army was at Frederick I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself and [hesitating a little] to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter: for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending any thing but respect for any one of you......I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel that I ought to take."

Mr. LINCOLN had learned that to know the true public opinion upon which he must rely, he need not ask Mr. SEWARD, nor Mr. CHASE, nor Mr. CAMERON, nor Mr. WELLES, but he must ask himself. "Look in your own heart, and write." No one comprehended the situation more accurately than he; none, indeed, so accurately, for he was not deceived as to the rapidity with which opinion advanced. Sensitive as the mercury, he involuntarily measured the movement of public sentiment with perfect precision. He was not governed by his hopes or his fears, but by his knowledge. When he moved, therefore, it was the country moving; when he spoke, every Union man heard his own thought.

Now that he has been for nearly ten years dead, it is easy to see that his renown in American history will not be due to his official association with a momentous epoch in the country, but to the real greatness of his manhood. To one of the sternest trials to which a national leader was ever exposed, this man, born in a squalid cabin and educated in a small frontier grocery, was equal. It demanded an unquailing courage, an unshrinking faith, a profound trust in the people and in himself, and what was most difficult of all, the capacity of so bearing himself from day to day and from moment to moment, in the focus of the most intense and anxious national scrutiny, that what he said and what he did should constantly stimulate and renew the most unquestioning confidence in the cause and in himself. He did it all; and he did it so simply, so modestly, so naturally, with such a winning shrewdness and humane humor, that he had somehow become a part of every patriotic household; and when he was suddenly stricken and fell, it was as if the assassin had fired at the family circle around every hearthstone in the land. No American was ever carried to his grave with so immense a sorrow; none will be remembered with more enduring love and admiration and gratitude.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE election in South Carolina is chiefly the concern of that State, but as the Republican party is in a very large majority there, and as the condition of the State has been, by common consent, deplorable, the party elsewhere has a deep interest in the result. In the regular Republican Convention the renomination of the present Governor, MOSES, was defeated, and Mr. D. H. CHAMBERLAIN is the Republican candidate. He is a graduate of Yale College, and is represented to be a man of peculiar intelligence. The Boston *Advertiser* and the Philadelphia *Press* support him warmly as a fit candidate, and Mr. R. B. ELLIOTT, the chairman of the Republican State Committee of South Carolina, declares that the nomination means thorough reform. Mr. CARDOZO, the State Treasurer, who was Secretary of State in the SCOTT administration, nominated Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the Convention, and urged a united Republican action as essential to the welfare of the colored race. Meanwhile the independent Republicans, who instantly refused to support CHAMBERLAIN as an improper candidate, have nominated Judge JOHN T. GREEN, a native Republican, for Governor, and Mr. DELANEY, a colored man, for Lieutenant-Governor, and Mr. RAINEY and Mr. CAIN, two of Mr. ELLIOTT'S colored colleagues in Congress, sustain the nomination. The independent Convention adopted the platform of the regular Convention, and the delegates from the Fourth District pledged the support of their friends to General KERSHAW, should he be nominated for Congress.

If the nomination of Judge GREEN should be heartily accepted by the Tax-payers' Union, which has some two hundred and fifty organized clubs in the State, and by the conservative party in general, he would poll a large vote, and even should he be defeated, the combination would be the nucleus of a reform party. It is evident that the vote which has sustained MOSES will be cast for CHAMBERLAIN, and that of the two candidates he will be the choice of those who fatten on corruption. His nomination by the regular Convention was a defiance of Republican opinion in the country at large, because its first duty was to select a candidate who was entirely clear of all association with uncleanness, and whose career and character were equally unassailable. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had been a member of one of the most corrupt of administrations. From 1868 to 1872, as Attorney-General, he was *ex officio* a member of several boards, and among them of the financial board which issued the "conversion" bonds and appointed KIMPTON. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S general explanation is that he was but one member of the board; that many of his duties were merely ministerial and professional; that he voted for KIMPTON without recommending him to his colleagues, and because he believed him to be honest and capable; and that he believed the purposes of the financial board to be pure. He says farther that he never connived at fictitious financial entries; that he had nothing to do with the fraudulent sale of certain railroad stocks; and that while as a land commissioner he did some things which he regrets, he was neither careless nor dishonest.

To this defense of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN there is one conclusive reply. Enormous frauds were officially perpetrated under acts which he is asserted to have drawn. If he was not an accessory to the theft, he must necessarily have known of it. It is no excuse to say that he was only one member of a board, for that is the usual excuse by which individual responsibility is sought to be evaded. Yet these frauds went on in a hundred ways and upon all sides, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN uttered no protest and made no public exposure. He certainly knew as well as any man in the State or in the country the whole truth about the conversion bonds, as about the whole system of cheating and stealing in the State, and he connived at it by silence. We do not say, for we have not the proof, that he consented to the frauds, but it is impossible to suppose that he knew nothing of them; and the fact that he was an active and unprotesting member of a corrupt administration should have been a conclusive reason for not nominating him. Even Mr. CARDOZO, in presenting Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S name to the Convention, did not assert that he was free from all responsibility. He merely said that he might have yielded his judgment. But the supposition is fatal to his candidate.

As between such a candidate and one who is not obliged by the direst necessity to attempt to show that he is not dishonest those who wish for honest and intelligent government in South Carolina can not hesitate. Judge GREEN, as an unsuspected man and a sincere Republican, is the true reform candidate, as Mr. TOMLINSON was against MOSES. He stands upon a Republican platform, and if the wish of the "tax-payers" for an honest government is stronger than their hatred of the Republican name and principles, they will cordially support him. The mistake of the regular Republican leaders was the selection of a candidate whose whole campaign must be a defense and an explanation to prove that he is not one of the chief authors of the lamentable situation from which the State is to be rescued; and every Republican in the country who considers the true welfare of South Carolina, and would have his party free from all just suspicion, must heartily wish that Judge GREEN may be elected.

CHURCH AND STATE.

WHILE we constantly expose and withstand the attempts of the Roman Catholic clergy to destroy the American common-school system, we do not, of course, deny the right of any citizen to hold and express any opinion upon the wisdom or justice of that system. But we object when he does it as a religious sectarian and not as a citizen. The state, in this country, knows nothing of sects, and there is a very wholesome hostility in the American mind to ecclesiastical dictation and domination of every kind. This has been recently conspicuously shown in New Haven and Hartford, where Roman Catholic priests proposed to their followers to get possession of the management of the schools for the purpose of giving them a sectarian direction. The mere suggestion aroused so much feeling that by overwhelming majorities in New Haven the plan was frustrated, while in Hartford the public opposition was so strong that the priests themselves withdrew their proposition. In both cities they relied upon the Democratic party for assistance, the party which is the natural ally of every anti-American policy, pandering to a foreign Church as it formerly crouched before domestic slavery.

We are sorry to see that this action of the Roman Catholic priesthood is sometimes imitated by the clergy of other sects. Some weeks ago a body of Methodist ministers in Boston resolved that, as Methodist ministers, they would support the candidacy of Mr. TALBOT for Governor; and more recently the regular weekly meeting of the Baptist preachers of Boston and vicinity resolved "that, as Baptist ministers......anxious for the best interests of the State, we earnestly desire the nomination and election of Lieutenant-Governor TALBOT." As citizens of Massachusetts these gentlemen might very properly express their preferences, and place them, as they did, in their resolution, upon their regard for temperance and prohibition, but as Methodist and Baptist ministers they had nothing whatever to do with the subject. The election of Governor TALBOT is not a Methodist or Baptist question, and can in no manner whatever affect those sects as such. Neither do these gentlemen support the prohibitory policy as a Methodist or Baptist measure, but as one of general good morals. Prohibition is not a Methodist or Baptist tenet, and there are many good Methodists and sound Baptists who do not favor the policy. Therefore these clergymen mistook their own position when, upon a subject with which they can rightfully deal only as citizens, they took action as ecclesiastics.

The matter in itself is of small importance, but in its consequences it is of some gravity. For if Baptist and Methodist ministers may, as such, demand a political policy upon a subject entirely foreign to their professional functions, so certainly may the Roman Catholic clergy. If a body of citizens, not as citizens and voters, but as the clergy of a church, may require that dram-shops shall be closed, they may as a church clergy equally require that the public-school fund shall be divided. It is no answer to say that the Catholic demand involves a fundamental change of the relation of the state to the church, while that of the other ministers implies only more stringent laws than those which exist. It is true that the Catholic demand does involve such a change, but it is no less true that the attitude taken by the Methodist and Baptist clergymen is that of a political body, which is equally foreign to the spirit of the Constitution. As individual citizens, clergymen, in their pulpits or out of them, very properly support or oppose policies which seem to them to affect the moral welfare of the community. But when as an ecclesiastical class they assume to act politically, they merely arouse a suspicion and hostility which tend to frustrate the very purpose they would promote.

THE MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

THE action of the Republican Convention in Massachusetts shows that the Democratic hope of success is a delusion, and that the State will probably show a larger Republican majority than last year. Lieutenant-Governor TALBOT, who, since the election of Governor WASHBURN to complete Mr. SUMNER'S term, has been the acting Chief Magistrate, is a man of the highest character, and the chief objection in the party to his nomination for the highest office has been his "prohibitory" principles. From the beginning of the summer, however, his supporters have been the most earnest, adroit, and thoroughly organized, while his opponents have concentrated upon no candidate, and have had apparently rather a theoretical than a practical hostility to him. Mr. GASTON, the Democratic candidate, is a man of character, and it is supposed that some Republicans who are unfriendly to "sumptuary laws" will vote for him, but Mr. TALBOT will undoubtedly poll the bulk of the Republican vote. His positive convictions and his resolute action in the temperance vetoes commend him very warmly to the moral sentiment of the party, which is very strong in Massachusetts. Not many Republicans would vote against the candidate of their party for Governor because he prefers to restrain intemperance by prohibition rather than by stringent license, even if they personally prefer the latter course.

The temperance contest, however, will be decided in the election of members of the Legislature. The Governor merely executes the law, and even General BUTLER, when he was a candidate, said that he should strictly enforce a prohibitory law if it were passed, although it was known that he did not favor it. The result in the returns for the Legislature will show whether the Republican party of Massachusetts desires prohibition, because it is understood that there will now be no evasion, and if a prohibitory law be passed, it will be enforced by a Governor who believes in it. If, as the more ardent of the temperance men assert, three-fifths of the Republicans are prohibitionists, that policy will have a fairer trial in Massachusetts than ever before. On the other hand, if the towns return a license Republican majority, although the prohibitory views of the Governor are known and his action is sure, it will be equally clear that the Republican party, for the present at least, is not prohibitory. But the nomination and election of a thoroughly prohibi-

tionist candidate will certainly tend to make it so.

The other remarkable fact at the Massachusetts Convention was the absence of General BUTLER as a candidate. He sent a letter to a friend among the delegates saying that he thought he could serve the country better in Congress. The general is shrewd, and seeing that the grapes hang distressingly high, he wisely concludes that they are sour. This letter of the general's is significant. With his general aims, he would, of course, very much prefer to have a majority of the whole Republican vote of Massachusetts than of that of the Essex district. His letter means that, upon a survey of the field, he has decided that he can not get that majority; and this means that "the blue blood of Beacon Street," as the character and intelligence and principle of the party in Massachusetts were called by the BUTLER henchmen when "the poor boy" came into the Custom House last spring, has carried the day. The party in Massachusetts is not Butlerized, and the action of the party in the country every where, from the repeal of the salary grab in Congress down to the nomination of Governor DIX in New York and of Governor TALBOT in Massachusetts, show distinctly that it will not be Butlerized.

POLITICAL "CONTRIBUTIONS."

THE *World* calls our attention to its statement that a political assessment has been recently made in the New York Custom-house, and that it was done in contemptuous disregard of the President's order of the 16th of April, 1872. That such an assessment has been made we have little doubt, for it has long been one of the abuses of the civil service, and this particular abuse, as the *World* knows, has never been more constant and flagrant than under Democratic administrations. We published last year General DIX's manly reply to a summons from the Democratic committee to levy an assessment upon his clerks when he was Postmaster of New York. The practice, however, is none the less evil because it is continued under a Republican Administration. It is, indeed, even more flagrant, because it has been condemned by the National Republican Convention, and distinctly forbidden by a Republican President. His executive order is as follows:

"Political assessments, as they are called, have been forbidden within the various departments, and while the right of all persons in official position to take part in politics is acknowledged, and the elective franchise is recognized as a high trust to be discharged by all entitled to its exercise, whether in the employment of the government or in private life, honesty and efficiency, not political activity, will determine the tenure of office. U. S. GRANT.

"By the President.

"HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State."

This order was intended to prevent precisely such "voluntary contributions" as are invited in the public offices just before election. Such contributions are as voluntary as those which are made by defenseless passengers upon the highway to the invitation of foot-pads. The clerks "contribute"—and, if they are wise, without so much as a wry face—because they fear that if they do not they will presently learn that their services are no longer required. There is, indeed, no visible connection between the refusal to pay and the dismissal. As there is no order that the assessment must be paid, as, indeed, it is not called an assessment, but a contribution, so there is no suggestion that the removal is a punishment. Indeed, the rule to which the President's order refers is so explicit that there can be no excuse for any kind of pretense for levying or inviting contributions. This is the rule:

"No head of a department, nor any subordinate officer of the government, shall, as such officer, authorize, or permit, or assist in levying any assessment of money for political purposes, under the form of voluntary contributions or otherwise, upon any person employed under his control, nor shall any person pay any money so assessed."

No words could be plainer or more emphatic. The Executive order calls especial attention to the rule, and is a personal pledge of the President to the country and to the members of the civil service that the abuse shall be stopped. If, therefore, the assessment or contribution has been "invited" at the Custom-house, as the *World* alleges, and if it has been done with the knowledge of the Collector, he has deliberately violated the President's rule, and defied the Executive order, discrediting at once the President and the party. If it has been levied without his knowledge, his supervision of his office is evidently inefficient. But we fear the difficulty is deeper. If the Collector believed that the President's rule and order really meant what they say, there would from the moment of their publication have been no assessment or "invitation to contribute toward defraying the expenses of the campaign" at the Custom-house. The fact that the abuse continues shows that the Custom-house authorities do not believe the President to be in earnest. And if the President really were in earnest, as he is in keeping order in Louisiana, would any Collector any where permit the "contribution?" We observe that a statement is published that the rules have worked so well in New York that they have been extended to the Boston Custom-house. Do they all work as well in New York as this one forbidding assessments? and is General BUTLER's "poor boy" to enforce the prohibition with equal rigor in Boston?

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE "Church Congress" which has just been held in New York is essentially a movement of what is known as the Broad-Church, and its object, although, as defined by the chairman, the Rev. Dr. VINTON, it is rather vague, seems to be to erect a platform within the Church upon which the great questions of faith and polity can be freely discussed by all members of the Church. The purpose is discussion, for votes are not to be taken, and the hope doubtless is that by freedom of discussion differences that might become grave and radical may be gently smoothed away. The Congress and its manifesto are significant signs of the ecclesiastical times. They show that the tendencies which menace the unity of the Established Church in England are neither unfelt nor unfeared in this country. Here, however, they affect only that unity; in England they involve the Establishment also. We have already mentioned that the late vote in Parliament upon the Public Worship Bill indicates a departure from the policy pursued in England for many years. That policy has been one of tolerance and freedom. It has sought to maintain the outward unity of the Church by declining to define too strictly, and by allowing very great latitude to the clergy in ecclesiastical practices. It has aimed to keep the borders so broad that the authors of the Essays and Reviews, and Dean STANLEY and his friends, and Dr. JOWETT and his friends, and Dr. PUSEY and his friends, could all stand comfortably within the pale.

But the movement known as ritualism became so pronounced and threatening—not only were its practices so Roman, but the declarations of its leaders were so full of reverence and sympathy for Rome—that the English Church as such was felt to be in danger, and the Tories, as its special guardians, therefore brought in the Worship Bill, which is really one of severer discipline and more literal uniformity. Mr. GLADSTONE in two or three very able speeches opposed the bill, and hinted at its consequences. His position from the point of view of the English Church was more conservative than Mr. DISRAELI's, because his policy unquestionably tends to maintain the Establishment, and his opponent's to destroy it. But the bill passed, and with such national approval that there is no doubt of the resolute, if not very sagacious, Protestantism of the country.

The Church Congress in this country substantially asks whether there is no common ground upon which High and Low Churchmen—the artificial flowers of St. Albans and the tallow dip of Bishop WHIPPLE's frontier cabin—can meet and agree. The attempt is laudable, although its end is plain. The tendencies that divide the Church are not nominal, they are real. It is not a question of vestments merely nor of liturgies, but of thought and vital faith, that disturbs the Established Church in England and the Episcopal Church in this country. The awakening human mind that in the sixteenth century shook every dogma of Rome, and gave a new impetus to the moral and political life of the world, is again shaking the accepted traditions of Christendom, as every Christian divine and scholar well knows. The tendency in the Episcopal Church is toward the extremes of more positive assent and more positive dissent. And it is more evident in that Church than in other Protestant sects because among its clergy in England there are so many profound scholars and acute thinkers. The Church Congress, therefore, like the passage of the Public Worship Bill, marks a most interesting moment and movement.

DEMOCRATIC DECENCY.

THE Democratic papers in New York exult in the fact that the personal character of their candidate for Governor can not be successfully attacked. It is very amusing to see their extravagant delight in Mr. TILDEN's reputation, as if they were enjoying a wholly new sensation. Their managers knew very well that to oppose a gentleman like Governor DIX, whose personal character is as spotless as his abilities are eminent, they must select a man irreproachable, except in his political views and associations, and they found him in Mr. TILDEN. It can not be said of him, as Mr. KELLY said of the Magnus Apollo of the New York Democracy, Judge CHURCH, that he was the candidate of the Canal Ring, of which power Mr. KELLY, as the head of the Tammany Ring, has a natural jealousy. Mr. JARVIS LORD, well known in canal circles, who loftily rebuked us in the *World* last winter for stating the undeniable fact that action had been brought against him for complicity in certain "irregularities" in regard to contracts, wished the Convention of his party to denounce the same paper for publishing Mr. KELLY's charge. But the only result of his motion was to reveal the fact that Democratic politics in New York are a simple contest between the city and the country rings, the Canal and Tammany.

But while the Democratic managers have done well in presenting so respectable a candidate as Mr. TILDEN, the Democratic press evidently thinks that the decency of the campaign should be confined to the character of the candidate. The Brooklyn *Eagle* having renewed the Crédit Mobilier slanders against Governor DIX, and the charges having been again conclusively answered and disposed of, Mr. F. A. CONKLING repeats them in his funeral oration over the Liberal party, and they once more go echoing through the Democratic press. There is nothing new in Mr CONKLING's allegations. The story was originally taken from the volume of the report of the WILSON committee, and all that can be tortured into an accusation, or an innuendo, or a surmise, was carefully studied and manipulated long ago. The answer in the New York *Times* a few weeks since was final.

But specific assertions having failed, nothing remains but the most ludicrous abuse. Both its scope and its impotence can be seen in the columns of the Albany *Argus* and the Buffalo *Courier*, the two leading Democratic newspapers out of the city of New York. This, for instance, is the way in which the *Argus* opposes the re-election of one of the ablest and most incorruptible Governors that New York has ever had:

"When the maggot of ambition once worms its way into an old man's brain, of what deeds of dark apostasy he can be guilty is only to be realized when we see JOHN A. DIX leading the band of corrupt imperialists against the primitive Democracy, whose faith he once professed to cherish!"

And again:

"And it is JOHN A. DIX who leads the imperial mercenaries against SAMUEL J. TILDEN, the pure and the true.

"Governor DIX represents the cause of the thieves. New York and other cities are in a lamentable condition. Governor DIX whispered promises in the ears of the plundered people, and broke them in sight of the entire State, as he had already broken his pledges to the temperance element."

The Buffalo *Courier* is a paper which, according to Mr. JOHN KELLY, would have preferred the nomination of Judge CHURCH, because he was the candidate of the Canal Ring. Such a journal's views of "exalted virtue and patriotic worth" are worthy of the profoundest attention; and as it undoubtedly finds its friend Mr. JARVIS LORD a more satisfactory representative of those qualities than Governor DIX, we are not surprised to read in the *Courier* that

"The election of Governor DIX will signify that the people of the State of New York are impatient and scornful of exalted virtue and patriotic worth in high places, and that they sympathize with the motives and sentiments of the worst element of the populace."

Democratic ammunition seems to have given out early in the day.

THE "REPUBLIC."

PROMINENT and active friends of the Administration have long wished to see in the city of New York a journal which might be called a more positive organ of the Republican party than any of the papers which generally support Republican measures and candidates. It is to this feeling that the appearance of the *Republic* is due. The journal has the great advantage of being managed from the outset by gentlemen of long experience in their profession, and its low price and attractive "make up" will commend it to the public. There is some curiosity to know whether it will openly sustain a third term, or follow the example of the Utica Convention in saying nothing about it: for its political connections are supposed to be such as to give peculiar weight to its word upon questions interesting to the Administration. The *Republic* gallantly defends the right of the chief Custom-house officers to take part as citizens in politics. But nobody denies that right. It also says that of course these officers will use the patronage for their party. But the *Republic* forgets that the official head of the party has condemned such use of it; and it is for the very reason that such use gives those officers an illegitimate influence in politics that there is a general feeling among good citizens that they should not be too active in caucuses and conventions. The true Republican motto for the Custom-house chiefs is equal rights with all other citizens, not unequal rights and superior advantages, which they have under the system which the National Republican Convention has condemned, and which we are sorry to see that the *Republic* approves. We cordially welcome the new-comer, and we hope that it will live to do efficient service for the good old cause.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE following report has reached Washington from the special agent sent to investigate the murder of a colored post-office employé by the Ku-Klux in Alabama last month: "I have just had warrants issued against nine of the murderers of Thomas Iney, including the sheriff of this county, and will proceed to make the arrests immediately. The reign of terror existing in this county at present far exceeds any thing of the kind I have ever seen. Armed bodies of men are riding over the country, and the colored people are afraid to go into the fields to save their crops from waste and ruin. The right of free speech is denied them, and many desire to return to slavery." The agent dates the letter "In the woods, near Livingston, Sumter County, Alabama, September 29."

The Hon. Calvin T. Garland, formerly United States District Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Texas, and recently United States District Attorney, who is spending his vacation at Rye Beach, received a letter on the 5th inst. from a friend in Wisconsin, bringing the intelligence of the reported murder of his brother, Charles William Garland, at Minneola, Texas, by the Ku-Klux of Wood County.

The Massachusetts State Republican Convention was held at Worcester on the 7th inst., Mr. Dawes presiding. Thomas Talbot was nominated for Governor, and Horatio Knight for Lieutenant-Governor.

The total number of granges in the United States on the 1st inst., according to official reports, was 20,800, distributed as follows: Alabama, 632; Arkansas, 504; California, 231; Connecticut, 3; Delaware, 14; Florida, 97; Georgia, 659; Illinois, 1513; Indiana, 1991; Iowa, 2000; Kansas, 1350; Kentucky, 1425; Louisiana, 185; Maine, 38; Maryland, 118; Massachusetts, 64; Michigan, 509; Minnesota, 540; Mississippi, 622; Missouri, 1992; Nebraska, 596; New Hampshire, 37; New Jersey, 80; New York, 238; North Carolina, 450; Nevada, 5; Ohio, 1031; Oregon, 174; Pennsylvania, 349; South Carolina, 313; Tennessee, 1003; Texas, 687; Vermont, 125; Virginia, 373; West Virginia, 110; Wisconsin, 505; Colorado, 65; Dakota, 56; Canada, 51; Idaho, 25; Montana, 23; Indian Territory, 4. Of the above number, 409 were instituted during the month of September last.

Lieutenant-Colonel Neill, who has been pursuing the Indians in the far West, telegraphs that he has captured Big Tree, four Kiowa braves, twelve Cheyennes, and others, and that Satanta, with a party of twenty-four lodges, is willing to surrender. General Pope replied to the dispatch, directing that the prisoners be very carefully guarded, and under no circumstances permitted to escape.

The first of the Republican Congressional Conventions in Massachusetts was held on the 9th inst. in the Fourth District, from which Mr. Hooper retires. Mr. Frost, now in the Governor's Executive Council, was chosen almost unanimously.

Town elections were held in Connecticut on the 5th inst., and although the vote was light and there were many split tickets on local issues, the Republicans were generally victorious. The Constitutional amendment giving to towns of over 5000 inhabitants two representatives in the Lower House of the General Assembly was adopted by a large majority.

G. B. Lamar, formerly president of the Bank of the Republic in this city, and well known as an active friend of the secessionists in the late war, died on the 5th inst., aged seventy years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE latest advices from Buenos Ayres report that a general battle between the government troops and the insurgents is hourly expected, though constant efforts are being made to bring about a reconciliation by the retirement of Avellaneda from the Presidency. Many of the people have fled from the disaffected district, and Montevideo is filled with refugees.

The East Parish Church of Aberdeen has been destroyed by fire. It was the finest edifice of the kind in north of Scotland.

The London *Globe* of the 8th inst. says that a telegram has been received from Shanghai stating that war has been declared between Japan and China, but the report lacks confirmation.

The *Spener Gazette* informs the Prussians that the budget of their Minister of War for 1875 will call for 110,000,000 thalers.

The report that the Danish minister had delivered a note to the German government is contradicted at Berlin. He simply presented complaints made by parties who had been expelled from Schleswig.

The total loss occasioned by the recent typhoon at Hong-Kong is estimated at five million dollars. The shore for miles around is strewn with the wrecks of vessels destroyed by the hurricane.

The famine still continues in Syria. The Porte promises to send 26,000 bushels of corn to feed the people and 11,000 oxen to plow their fields.

A special dispatch to the London *Post* states that anarchy reigns in Turkestan. The Turcomans are plundering the tribes friendly to Russia, and her armed intervention is inevitable.

The election for member of Parliament took place at Northampton, England, on the 6th inst., with the following result: Merewether (Conservative), 2171; Fowler (Liberal), 1836; Bradlaugh (Radical), 1766. After the vote had been declared an angered crowd of Mr. Bradlaugh's friends stoned the hotel in which Mr. Fowler was staying, and the military had to be called to quell the disturbance. Many persons were injured.

The French minister at Madrid has assured Señor Sagasta that the sentiments of France are against the Carlists, and in full sympathy with the Spanish government.

The elections for the French Councils General were held on the 4th inst. The latest returns give 590 members to the republicans, 550 to the monarchists, and 130 to the Bonapartists. New elections will be required in thirty districts.

The Catholic vicar of Posen, having disobeyed an order to leave the province within twelve hours, has been forcibly ejected by the Prussian government.

The Count von Arnim, formerly Prussian embassador to France, has been arrested by his government on the charge of embezzling important state papers. The *Journal de Paris* says that the count, when at Paris, hastened the downfall of President Thiers, and urged Germany to recognize the government of M'Mahon immediately. Prince Bismarck disapproved of this course of Von Arnim, and wrote to the latter explaining the reason why he preferred the policy of Thiers to that of M'Mahon. The *Journal* says these are the letters of Bismarck which are missing.

Early in the week reports from the seat of war in Spain announced that a mutiny had broken out in the Carlist camp at Durango, and that Don Carlos had been mortally wounded by one of the mutineers. This was contradicted afterward by the Carlist official paper, which stated that Don Carlos was in excellent health, and at the head of his army.

The distinguished English poet and dramatic writer, Bryan Waller Proctor, more familiarly known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall," is dead. He was born in 1790, and began his literary career in his twenty-fifth year. He was the father of the late Adelaide Ann Proctor, the author of many charming lyrics and legends in verse.

THE PERILOUS BALLOON VOYAGE OF MONSIEUR AND MADAME DUROUF—THE RESCUE IN THE NORTH SEA.—[Drawn and Engraved in Paris expressly for Harper's Weekly.]

A TERRIBLE BALLOON VOYAGE.

Monsieur and Madame Durouf, the hero and heroine of one of the most exciting balloon voyages ever made, were recently under engagement for an ascent at Calais, France. The day proved to be tempestuous, and the aeronauts desired to postpone the trip; but, jeered and taunted by the heartless crowd of spectators, they rashly determined to make the excursion. Amidst strong protestations from their friends, they entered the balloon and ascended, the wind driving them directly out to sea. Night came on, and the thinly clad aeronauts suffered keenly from cold and thirst. They took no provisions with them, having expected to descend soon. Through the whole night they drifted about in the clouds. When daylight came they found that they were over the North Sea, and M. Durouf, not knowing how far he was from land, manœuvred to descend, in order to get picked up by some vessel. They had been ten hours in the air, and were now doomed to be dragged two hours through the water, for though they were seen and chased by a fishing smack, the *Grand Charge*, it was quite that time before they were overtaken. The balloon, dragging with the car half under water, was every moment in danger of bursting, as the heavy seas broke over it, but at last the smack came so near that the captain and mate lowered a small boat, into which they managed, with great difficulty, to get them. The balloon went off at a great speed toward Norway, and the half-dead aeronauts were taken on board the *Grand Charge*, where they were carefully nursed and tended. The gallantry of the captain and mate, William Oxley and James Buscomb, was worthy of all praise.

The aeronauts were landed a week later in England. Meanwhile they were supposed to be lost, and one of the crowd who had jeered them at Calais committed suicide in remorse for his heartless conduct. Our picture was drawn by the well-known artist Miranda from personal descriptions by the aeronauts. The sea was running very high, and there was great danger of the swamping of the boat while the aeronauts were being transferred from the balloon.

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part I.—Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE WAY TO THE MAJOR.

"YES," said Benjamin. "It *is* a coincidence certainly. Still—"

He stopped and looked at me. He seemed a little doubtful how I might receive what he had it in his mind to say to me next.

"Go on," I said.

"Still, my dear, I see nothing suspicious in what has happened," he resumed. "To my mind it is quite natural that your husband, being in London, should pay a visit to one of his friends. And it's equally natural that we should pass through Vivian Place on our way back here. This seems to be the reasonable view. What do *you* say?"

"I have told you already that my mind is in a bad way about Eustace," I answered. "*I* say there is some motive at the bottom of his visit to Major Fitz-David. It is not an ordinary call. I am firmly convinced it is not an ordinary call!"

"Suppose we get on with our dinner?" said Benjamin, resignedly. "Here is a loin of mutton, my dear—an ordinary loin of mutton. Is there any thing suspicious in *that?* Very well, then. Show me you have confidence in the mutton; please eat. There's the wine, again. No mystery, Valeria, in that claret—I'll take my oath it's nothing but innocent juice of the grape. If we can't believe in any thing else, let's believe in juice of the grape. Your good health, my dear."

I adapted myself to the old man's genial humor as readily as I could. We ate and we drank, and we talked of bygone days. For a little while I was almost happy in the company of my fatherly old friend. Why was I not old too? Why had I not done with love, with its certain miseries, its transient delights, its cruel losses, its bitterly doubtful gains? The last autumn flowers in the window basked brightly in the last of the autumn sunlight. Benjamin's little dog digested his dinner in perfect comfort on the hearth. The parrot in the next house screeched his vocal accomplishments cheerfully. I don't doubt that it is a great privilege to be a human being. But may it not be the happier destiny to be an animal or a plant?

The brief respite was soon over; all my anxieties came back. I was once more a doubting, discontented, depressed creature when I rose to say good-by.

"Promise, my dear, you will do nothing rash," said Benjamin, as he opened the door for me.

"Is it rash to go to Major Fitz-David?" I asked.

"Yes—if you go by yourself. You don't know what sort of man he is; you don't know how he may receive you. Let me try first, and pave the way, as the saying is. Trust my experience, my dear. In matters of this sort there is nothing like paving the way."

I considered a moment. It was due to my good friend to consider before I said No.

Reflection decided me on taking the responsibility, whatever it might be, upon my own shoulders. Good or bad, compassionate or cruel, the major was a man. A woman's influence was the safest influence to trust with him, where the end to be gained was such an end as I had in view. It was not easy to say this to Benjamin without the danger of mortifying him. I made an appointment with the old man to call on me the next morning at the hotel, and talk the matter over again. Is it very disgraceful to me to add that I privately determined (if the thing could be accomplished) to see Major Fitz-David in the interval?

"Do nothing rash, my dear. In your own interests, do nothing rash!"

Those were Benjamin's last words when we parted for the day.

I found Eustace waiting for me in our sitting-room at the hotel. His spirits seemed to have revived since I had seen him last. He advanced to meet me cheerfully, with an open sheet of paper in his hand.

"My business is settled, Valeria, sooner than I had expected," he began, gayly. "Are your purchases all completed, fair lady? Are *you* free too?"

I had learned already (God help me!) to distrust his fits of gayety. I asked, cautiously,

"Do you mean free for to-day?"

"Free for to-day, and to-morrow, and next week, and next month—and next year too, for all I know to the contrary," he answered, putting his arm boisterously round my waist. "Look here!"

He lifted the open sheet of paper which I had noticed in his hand, and held it for me to read. It was a telegram to the sailing-master of the yacht, informing him that we had arranged to return to Ramsgate that evening, and that we should be ready to sail for the Mediterranean with the next tide.

"I only waited for your return," said Eustace, "to send the telegram to the office."

He crossed the room as he spoke to ring the bell. I stopped him.

"I am afraid I can't go to Ramsgate to-day," I said.

"Why not?" he asked, suddenly changing his tone, and speaking sharply.

I dare say it will seem ridiculous to some people, but it is really true that he shook my resolution to go to Major Fitz-David when he put his arm round me. Even a mere passing caress from *him* stole away my heart, and softly tempted me to yield. But the ominous alteration in his tone made another woman of me. I felt once more, and felt more strongly than ever, that in my critical position it was useless to stand still, and worse than useless to draw back.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," I answered. "It is impossible for me (as I told you at Ramsgate) to be ready to sail at a moment's notice. I want time."

"What for?"

Not only his tone, but his look, when he put that second question, jarred on every nerve in me. He roused in my mind—I can't tell how or why—an angry sense of the indignity that he had put upon his wife in marrying her under a false name. Fearing that I should answer rashly, that I should say something which my better sense might regret, if I spoke at that moment, I said nothing. Women alone can estimate what it cost me to be silent. And men alone can understand how irritating my silence must have been to my husband.

"You want time?" he repeated. "I ask you again—what for?"

My self-control, pushed to its extremest limits, failed me. The rash reply flew out of my lips, like a bird set free from a cage.

"I want time," I said, "to accustom myself to my right name."

He suddenly stepped up to me with a dark look.

"What do you mean by your 'right name?'"

"Surely you know," I answered. "I once thought I was Mrs. Woodville. I have now discovered that I am Mrs. Macallan."

He started back at the sound of his own name as if I had struck him—he started back, and turned so deadly pale that I feared he was going to drop at my feet in a swoon. Oh, my tongue! my tongue! Why had I not controlled my miserable, mischievous woman's tongue!

"I didn't mean to alarm you, Eustace," I said. "I spoke at random. Pray forgive me."

He waved his hand impatiently, as if my penitent words were tangible things—ruffling, worrying things, like flies in summer—which he was putting away from him.

"What else have you discovered?" he asked, in low stern tones.

"Nothing, Eustace."

"Nothing?" He paused as he repeated the word, and passed his hand over his forehead in a weary way. "Nothing, of course," he resumed, speaking to himself, "or she would not be here." He paused once more, and looked at me searchingly. "Don't say again what you said just now," he went on. "For your own sake, Valeria, as well as for mine." He dropped into the nearest chair, and said no more.

I certainly heard the warning; but the only words which really produced an impression on my mind were the words preceding it, which he had spoken to himself. He had said: "Nothing, of course, *or she would not be here.*" If I had found out some other truth besides the truth about the name, would it have prevented me from ever returning to my husband?* Was that what he meant? Did the sort of discovery that he contemplated mean something so dreadful that it would have parted us at once and forever? I stood by his chair in silence, and tried to find the answer to those terrible questions in his face. It used to speak to me so eloquently when it spoke of his love. It told me nothing now.

He sat for some time without looking at me, lost in his own thoughts. Then he rose on a sudden and took his hat.

"The friend who lent me the yacht is in town," he said. "I suppose I had better see him, and say our plans are changed." He tore up the telegram with an air of sullen resignation as he spoke. "You are evidently determined not to go to sea with me," he resumed. "We had better give it up. I don't see what else is to be done. Do you?"

His tone was almost a tone of contempt. I was too depressed about myself, too alarmed about *him*, to resent it.

"Decide as you think best, Eustace," I said, sadly. "Every way, the prospect seems a hopeless one. As long as I am shut out from your confidence, it matters little whether we live on land or at sea—we can not live happily."

"If you could control your curiosity," he answered, sternly, "we might live happily enough. I thought I had married a woman who was superior to the vulgar failings of her sex. A good wife should know better than to pry into affairs of her husband's with which she has no concern."

Surely it was hard to bear this? However, I bore it.

"Is it no concern of mine?" I asked, gently, "when I find that my husband has not married me under his family name? Is it no concern of mine when I hear your mother say, in so many words, that she pities your wife? It is hard, Eustace, to accuse me of curiosity because I can not accept the unendurable position in which you have placed me. Your cruel silence is a blight on my happiness, and a threat to my future. Your cruel silence is estranging us from each other at the beginning of our married life. And you blame me for feeling this? You tell me I am prying into affairs which are yours only? They are *not* yours only: I have my interest in them too. Oh, my darling, why do you trifle with our love and our confidence in each other? Why do you keep me in the dark?"

He answered with a stern and pitiless brevity,

"For your own good."

I turned away from him in silence. He was treating me like a child.

He followed me. Putting one hand heavily on my shoulder, he forced me to face him once more.

"Listen to this," he said. "What I am now going to say to you I say for the first and last time. Valeria! if you ever discover what I am now keeping from you—from your knowledge—from that

"MY HAIR, HOWEVER, STOOD IN NEED OF SOME SKILLED ATTENTION. THE CHAMBER-MAID RE-ARRANGED IT WITH A READY HAND."

moment you live a life of torture; your tranquillity is gone. Your days will be days of terror; your nights will be full of horrid dreams—through no fault of mine, mind! through no fault of mine! Every day of your life you will feel some new distrust, some growing fear of me, and you will be doing me the vilest injustice all the time. On my faith as a Christian, on my honor as a man, if you stir a step farther in this matter, there is an end of your happiness for the rest of your life! Think seriously of what I have said to you; you will have time to reflect. I am going to tell my friend that our plans for the Mediterranean are given up. I shall not be back before the evening." He sighed, and looked at me with unutterable sadness. "I love you, Valeria," he said. "In spite of all that has passed, as God is my witness, I love you more dearly than ever."

So he spoke. So he left me.

I must write the truth about myself, however strange it may appear. I don't pretend to be able to analyze my own motives; I don't pretend even to guess how other women might have acted in my place. It is true of *me*, that my husband's terrible warning—all the more terrible in its mystery and its vagueness—produced no deterrent effect on my mind: it only stimulated my resolution to discover what he was hiding from me. He had not been gone two minutes before I rang the bell and ordered the carriage, to take me to Major Fitz-David's house in Vivian Place.

Walking to and fro while I was waiting—I was in such a fever of excitement that it was impossible for me to sit still—I accidentally caught sight of myself in the glass.

My own face startled me, it looked so haggard and so wild. Could I present myself to a stranger, could I hope to produce the necessary impression in my favor, looking as I looked at that moment? For all I knew to the contrary, my whole future might depend upon the effect which I produced on Major Fitz-David at first sight. I rang the bell again, and sent a message to one of the chamber-maids to follow me to my room.

I had no maid of my own with me: the stewardess of the yacht would have acted as my attendant if we had held to our first arrangement. It mattered little, so long as I had a woman to help me. The chamber-maid appeared. I can give no better idea of the disordered and desperate condition of my mind at that time than by owning that I actually consulted this perfect stranger on the question of my personal appearance. She was a middle-aged woman, with a large experience of the world and its wickedness written legibly on her manner and on her face. I put money into the woman's hand, enough of it to surprise her. She thanked me with a cynical smile, evidently placing her own evil interpretation on my motive for bribing her.

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" she asked, in a confidential whisper. "Don't speak loud! there is somebody in the next room."

"I want to look my best," I said, "and I have sent for you to help me."

"I understand, ma'am."

"What do you understand?"

She nodded her head significantly, and whispered to me again. "Lord bless you, I'm used to this!" she said. "There is a gentleman in the case. Don't mind me, ma'am. It's a way I have. I mean no harm." She stopped, and looked at me critically. "I wouldn't change my dress if I were you," she went on. "The color becomes you."

It was too late to resent the woman's impertinence. There was no help for it but to make use of her. Besides, she was right about the dress. It was of a delicate maize-color, prettily trimmed with lace. I could wear nothing which suited me better. My hair, however, stood in need of some skilled attention. The chamber-maid re-arranged it with a ready hand which showed that she was no beginner in the art of dressing hair. She laid down the combs and brushes, and looked at me; then looked at the toilet-table, searching for something which she apparently failed to find.

"Where do you keep it?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Look at your complexion, ma'am. You will frighten him if he sees you like that. A touch of color you *must* have. Where do you keep it? What! you haven't got it? you never use it? Dear, dear, dear me!"

For a moment surprise fairly deprived her of her self-possession. Recovering herself, she begged permission to leave me for a minute. I let her go, knowing what her errand was. She came back with a box of paints and powders; and I said nothing to check her. I saw, in the glass, my skin take a false fairness, my cheeks a false color, my eyes a false brightness—and I never shrank from it. No! I let the odious conceit go on; I even admired the extraordinary delicacy and dexterity with which it was all done. "Any thing" (I thought to myself, in the madness of that miserable time), "so long as it helps me to win the major's confidence! Any thing, so long as I discover what those last words of my husband's really mean!"

The transformation of my face was accomplished. The chamber-maid pointed with her wicked forefinger in the direction of the glass.

"Bear in mind, ma'am, what you looked like when you sent for me," she said. "And just see for yourself how you look now. You're the prettiest woman (of your style) in London. Ah, what a thing pearl-powder is, when one knows how to use it!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FRIEND OF THE WOMEN.

I FIND it impossible to describe my sensations while the carriage was taking me to Major Fitz-David's house. I doubt, indeed, if I really felt or thought at all in the true sense of those words. From the moment when I had resigned myself into the hands of the chamber-maid I seemed in some strange way to have lost my ordinary identity—to have stepped out of my own character. At other times my temperament was of the nervous and anxious sort, and my tendency was to exaggerate any difficulties that might place themselves in my way. At other times, having before me the prospect of a critical interview with a stranger, I should have considered with myself what it might be wise to pass over, and what it might be wise to say. Now I never gave my coming interview with the major a thought; I felt an unreasoning confidence in myself, and a blind faith in *him*. Now neither the past nor the future troubled me; I lived unreflectingly in the present. I looked at the shops as we drove by them, and at the other carriages as they passed mine. I noticed—yes, and enjoyed—the glances of admiration which chance foot-passengers on the pavement cast on me. I said to myself, "This looks well for my prospect of making a friend of the major!" When we drew up at the door in Vivian Place, it is no exaggeration to say that I had but one anxiety—anxiety to find the major at home.

The door was opened by a servant out of livery, an old man who looked as if he might have been a soldier in his earlier days. He eyed me with a grave attention, which relaxed little by little into sly approval. I asked for Major Fitz-David. The answer was not altogether encouraging: the man was not sure whether his master was at home or not.

I gave him my card. My cards, being part of my wedding outfit, necessarily had the false name printed on them—*Mrs. Eustace Woodville*. The servant showed me into a front-room on the ground-floor, and disappeared with my card in his hand.

Looking about me, I noticed a door in the wall opposite the window, communicating with some inner room. The door was not of the ordinary kind. It fitted into the thickness of the partition wall, and worked in grooves. Looking a little nearer, I saw that it had not been pulled out so as completely to close the doorway. Only the merest chink was left; but it was enough to convey to my ears all that passed in the next room.

"What did you say, Oliver, when she asked for me?" inquired a man's voice, pitched cautiously in a low key.

"I said I was not sure you were at home, Sir," answered the voice of the servant who had let me in.

There was a pause. The first speaker was evidently Major Fitz-David himself. I waited to hear more.

"I think I had better not see her, Oliver," the major's voice resumed.

"Very good, Sir."

"Say I have gone out, and you don't know when I shall be back again. Beg the lady to write, if she has any business with me."

"Yes, Sir."

"Stop, Oliver!"

Oliver stopped. There was another and longer pause. Then the master resumed the examination of the man.

"Is she young, Oliver?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And—pretty?"

"Better than pretty, Sir, to my thinking."

"Ay? ay? What you call a fine woman—eh, Oliver?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Tall?"

"Nearly as tall as I am, major."

"Ay? ay? ay? A good figure?"

"As slim as a sapling, Sir, and as upright as a dart."

"On second thoughts, I am at home, Oliver. Show her in! show her in!"

So far, one thing at least seemed to be clear. I had done well in sending for the chamber-maid. What would Oliver's report of me have been if I had presented myself to him with my colorless cheeks and my ill-dressed hair?

The servant re-appeared, and conducted me to the inner room. Major Fitz-David advanced to welcome me. What was the major like?

Well, he was like a well-preserved old gentleman of, say, sixty years old, little and lean, and chiefly remarkable by the extraordinary length of his nose. After this feature, I noticed next his beautiful brown wig; his sparkling little gray eyes; his rosy complexion; his short military whisker, dyed to match his wig; his white teeth and his winning smile; his smart blue frock-coat, with a camellia in the button-hole; and his splendid ring, a ruby, flashing on his little finger as he courteously signed to me to take a chair.

"Dear Mrs. Woodville, how very kind of you this is! I have been longing to have the happiness of knowing you. Eustace is an old friend of mine. I congratulated him when I heard of his marriage. May I make a confession?—I envy him now I have seen his wife."

The future of my life was perhaps in this man's hands. I studied him attentively; I tried to read his character in his face.

The major's sparkling little gray eyes softened as they looked at me; the major's strong and sturdy voice dropped to its lowest and tenderest tones when he spoke to me; the major's manner expressed, from the moment when I entered the room, a happy mixture of admiration and respect. He drew his chair close to mine, as if it was a privilege to be near me. He took my hand and lifted my glove to his lips, as if that glove was the most delicious luxury the world could produce. "Dear Mrs. Woodville," he said, as he softly laid my hand back on my lap, "bear with an old fellow who worships your enchanting sex. You really brighten this dull house. It is *such* a pleasure to see you!"

There was no need for the old gentleman to make his little confession. Women, children, and dogs proverbially know by instinct who the people are who really like them. The women had a warm friend—perhaps at one time a dangerously warm friend—in Major Fitz-David. I knew as much of him as that before I had settled myself in my chair and opened my lips to answer him.

"Thank you, major, for your kind reception and your pretty compliment," I said, matching my host's easy tone as closely as the necessary restraints on my side would permit. "You have made your confession. May I make mine?"

Major Fitz-David lifted my hand again from my lap and drew his chair as close as possible to mine. I looked at him gravely and tried to release my hand. Major Fitz-David declined to let go of it, and proceeded to tell me why.

"I have just heard you speak for the first time," he said. "I am under the charm of your voice. Dear Mrs. Woodville, bear with an old fellow who is under the charm! Don't grudge me my innocent little pleasures. Lend me—I wish I could say *give* me—this pretty hand. I am such an admirer of pretty hands! I can listen so much better with a pretty hand in mine. The ladies indulge my weakness. Please indulge me too. Yes? And what were you going to say?"

"I was going to say, major, that I felt particularly sensible of your kind welcome because, as it happens, I have a favor to ask of you."

I was conscious, while I spoke, that I was approaching the object of my visit a little too abruptly. But Major Fitz-David's admiration rose from one climax to another with such alarming rapidity that I felt the importance of administering a practical check to it. I trusted to those ominous words, "a favor to ask of you," to administer the check, and I did not trust in vain. My aged admirer gently dropped my hand, and, with all possible politeness, changed the subject.

"The favor is granted, of course!" he said. "And now, tell me, how is our dear Eustace?"

"Anxious and out of spirits," I answered.

"Anxious and out of spirits!" repeated the major. "The enviable man who is married to You anxious and out of spirits? Monstrous! Eustace fairly disgusts me. I shall take him off the list of my friends."

"In that case, take me off the list with him, major. I am in wretched spirits too. You are my husband's old friend. I may acknowledge to *you* that our married life is just now not quite a happy one."

Major Fitz-David lifted his eyebrows (dyed to match his whiskers) in polite surprise.

"Already!" he exclaimed. "What can Eustace be made of? Has he no appreciation of beauty and grace? Is he the most insensible of living beings?"

"He is the best and dearest of men," I answered. "But there is some dreadful mystery in his past life—"

I could get no farther; Major Fitz-David deliberately stopped me. He did it with the smoothest politeness, on the surface. But I saw a look in his bright little eyes which said, plainly, "If you *will* venture on delicate ground, madam, don't ask me to accompany you."

"My charming friend!" he exclaimed. "May I call you my charming friend? You have—among a thousand other delightful qualities which I can see already—a vivid imagination. Don't let it get the upper hand. Take an old fellow's advice; don't let it get the upper hand! What can I offer you, dear Mrs. Woodville? A cup of tea?"

"Call me by my right name, Sir," I answered, boldly. "I have made a discovery. I know as well as you do that my name is Macallan."

The major started, and looked at me very attentively. His manner became grave, his tone changed completely, when he spoke next.

"May I ask," he said, "if you have communicated to your husband the discovery which you have just mentioned to me?"

"Certainly!" I answered. "I consider that my husband owes me an explanation. I have asked him to tell me what his extraordinary conduct means—and he has refused, in language that frightens me. I have appealed to his mother—and *she* has refused to explain, in language that humiliates me. Dear Major Fitz-David, I have no friends to take my part: I have nobody to come to but you! Do me the greatest of all favors—tell me why your friend Eustace has married me under a false name!"

"Do *me* the greatest of all favors," answered the major. "Don't ask me to say a word about it."

He looked, in spite of his unsatisfactory reply, as if he really felt for me. I determined to try my utmost powers of persuasion; I resolved not to be beaten at the first repulse.

"I *must* ask you," I said. "Think of my position. How can I live, knowing what I know—and knowing no more? I would rather hear the most horrible thing you can tell me than be condemned (as I am now) to perpetual misgiving and perpetual suspense. I love my husband with all my heart; but I can not live with him on these terms: the misery of it would drive me mad. I am only a woman, major. I can only throw myself on your kindness. Don't—pray, pray don't keep me in the dark!"

I could say no more. In the reckless impulse of the moment I snatched up his hand and raised it to my lips. The gallant old gentleman started as if I had given him an electric shock.

"My dear, dear lady!" he exclaimed, "I can't tell you how I feel for you! You charm me, you overwhelm me, you touch me to the heart. What can I say? What can I do? I can only imitate your admirable frankness, your fearless candor. You have told me what your position is. Let me tell you, in my turn, how I am placed. Compose yourself—pray compose yourself! I have a smelling-bottle here at the service of the ladies. Permit me to offer it."

He brought me the smelling-bottle; he put a little stool under my feet; he entreated me to take time enough to compose myself. "Infernal fool!" I heard him say to himself, as he considerately turned away from me for a few moments. "If *I* had been her husband, come what might of it, I would have told her the truth!"

Was he referring to Eustace? And was he going to do what he would have done in my husband's place—was he really going to tell me the truth?

The idea had barely crossed my mind when I was startled by a loud and peremptory knocking at the street door. The major stopped and listened attentively. In a few moments the door was opened, and the rustling of a woman's dress was plainly audible in the hall. The major hurried to the door of the room with the activity of a young man. He was too late. The door was violently opened from the outer side, just as he got to it. The lady of the rustling dress burst into the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

THE General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is now in session in St. John's Chapel in this city, contains many notable men. Besides all the bishops, and four of the most prominent clergymen from each diocese, there are among the lay delegates such gentlemen as Chief Justice WAITE, of the United States Supreme Court; Hon. HAMILTON FISH, SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, Professor DAVIES, and CAMBRIDGE LIVINGSTON, of New York; ex-Chief Justice COMSTOCK, of Central New York; Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, of Albany; Senator STEVENSON, of Kentucky; Hon. JAMES M. SMITH, of Buffalo; Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP and Judge MUDGE, of Massachusetts; Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, of Maryland; Hon. CORTLANDT PARKER, of New Jersey; Professor HENRY COFFEE, of Pennsylvania; Judge ORIGEN S. SEYMOUR, of Connecticut; Hon. JOHN W. HUNTER, of Brooklyn; and General C. C. AUGUR, who represents Texas.

—The Rev. W. H. MILBURN—"the blind man eloquent"—is among the public lecturers whose power of entertainment on the platform is not surpassed by any of his brother lecturers. His subjects are varied and attractive: "Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of Virginia;" "John Randolph of Roanoke, Bard, Sage, and Tribune;" "Sargent S. Prentiss, America's most eloquent Orator;" "What a Blind Man saw in England;" ditto in Paris; ditto in California; "John Milton;" "Aaron Burr," etc., etc. We believe Mr. MILBURN is the first and only man—preacher or lecturer—who has been formally invited by a President of the United States and every member of his cabinet, and by the most distinguished members of the Senate and House of Representatives, to deliver a lecture. This he was invited to do last winter, and complied by reciting his eloquent sketch of AARON BURR. The compliment was an unprecedented one, and was well deserved. We agree with the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that "there are doubtless some who excel him in buffoonery which commands the popular applause; but for refined beauty of language, genuine wit, noble thoughts, and oftentimes a deep pathos, we have not known his equal. With personal conviction we now pronounce him to be most truly 'the blind man eloquent.'"

—"Mark Twain," whose time is now mainly given up to collecting the royalty he demands for the nightly performance of *The Gilded Age*, has written to a lecture agent: "Your offer of $30,000 to lecture fifty nights does not tempt me. I have run about the world long enough. I mean to live and die at home, if I starve at it. I love you, but I can not lecture any more."

—Speaking of lectures, the appearance of a Prince of India as a lecturer is one of the notable signs of the times in the East. His name is "Prince of Travancore," and he is said to have acquitted himself very well.

—Bishop POTTER, at the recent Annual Convention of the diocese of New York, stated that during the twenty years of his episcopate he had confirmed 56,598 persons, admitted seventy-six new churches into his jurisdiction, and that the mission work had increased tenfold.

—The Earl of Roseberry, who beamed upon the Federal Union for a few months a year ago, is coming again. He is one of the rising young statesmen in the House of Lords, makes a good speech, works well in committees, and is witty as well as wise.

—M. CATACAZY—"little CATACAZY," as he was sometimes undignifiedly called—has become an opulent individual from having made a successful speculation in Russian railway shares. The clever Russian enjoys the distinction of having been requested to leave his position here with greater point and politeness than any foreign diplomate who has pervaded Washington and made himself personally obnoxious to the authorities.

—GARIBALDI appears to be quite short in his bank account. Dr. ROSS, of Toronto, Canada, lately wrote to him offering moderate pecuniary aid, to which the Italian replied that he consented to accept, and requested "the man of Ross" to consummate the benevolence through some responsible European banker. When GARIBALDI was in the candle business on Staten Island (through the pecuniary aid of Mr. JOHN ANDERSON, who made the noble gift to AGASSIZ), he little thought of the many ups and the very many downs he would have to undergo between that time and A.D. 1874. Mr. ANDERSON, by-the-way, has sent word to GARIBALDI to draw on him for $1000 annually as long as he lives.

—Ex-President JOHNSON has upon his place at Greenville, Tennessee, two large weeping-willows that have grown from sprigs taken by a traveler from the tree that formerly overshadowed the grave of NAPOLEON at St. Helena.

—Two of the most noted athletes in Washington are medicos—Dr. W. V. MARMION, and Dr. J. C. ROSSE. The former gentleman lifts 1000 pounds with his hands, and puts up a dumb-bell of 130 pounds. Dr. ROSSE is said to be the strongest man in Washington for his size. He lifts 400 pounds with one hand, and suspends sixty-three pounds at arms-length on his little finger. The finest athlete in New York is Dr. AUSTIN FLINT, Jun., professor and author. He lifts 1000 pounds easily, and can "put up his

hands" with the gloves in a manner that requires the professional's caution. His legs are as soft as cedar posts, and the muscles of his arm convey the idea that they have been grafted with iron shaped like potatoes. It would be quite a waste of time for a highwayman to toy with Dr. A. FLINT, Jun.

—Colonel MUCKLÉ, the business man of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has received the order of the Crown of Prussia, with a decoration, for his services in connection with the transmission of funds for the relief of widows and orphans made during the Franco-Prussian war.

—SETH GREEN has received a flattering note from the Société d'Acclimation of Paris, requesting permission to translate his work about fishes for circulation in France. Mr. GREEN answered yes.

—Colonel TERWILLIGER, of up town, found the other night that his wife knew something about that curious but fluctuating diversion called draw-poker. It was in this wise: The couple have two fine boy-babies. Seeing them asleep in the same bed, the admiring father wondered if any body had a better "pair" than that. The wife thought not. The husband then said, speaking in riddles, as he thought, "If we could draw three queens, we would have a 'full' that would be hard to beat." The lady promptly replied, "Excuse me, if you please; we'll stand 'pat' on the 'pair' we have."

—The London *Athenæum* says, "SHERIDAN, PITT, and FOX all drank hard and worked hard; they were all great in the councils of the nation, but not one of them could rule his own household." The *Athenæum* might have added, that it was not the hard work but the hard drinking that brought each of them to a comparatively early death and to positive poverty. PITT, the ablest and best of the three, died at forty-seven, and Parliament made a grant of $400,000 to pay his debts. Oratory and Otard are frequently found together, but Longevity and Liquor are incompatible.

—In the Church of the Maddelena in Sinigaglia there is the family chapel of the MASTAI-FERRETTI, with these extraordinary details. The first is premature in comparison with the others: GIOVANNI MARIA, PIUS IX.'s *bisavolo*, seventy-three; ERCOLE, his *nonno*, ninety-three; GIROLAMO, his father, eighty-eight; his mother, eighty-eight; GUISEPPE, his brother, seventy-six; GABRIELE, another brother, eighty-eight; and GAETANO, as the Holy Father often says, "knocked at the door of ninety years." The Pope's paternal house is No. 33 Strada del Monte di Pietá. It looks exactly like the hundreds of provincial *palazzi* one sees all over Italy. There are three stories of five windows each. It now belongs to Count LUIGI MASTAI. PIUS IX. was born in the second story, now inhabited by his sister-in-law, Countess VITTORIA, who is within a few months of his own age. The united ages on the tombstones of seven MASTAIS amount to 596 years.

—Mr. HAMLIN, of Maine, has been so long prominent in the national councils that the question is sometimes asked, "How is it that he has retained power and place longer than any man in New England?" The answer is humorously given in a conversation between a stranger and a Maine Republican about the next Senatorship: "What do you say of the uncommitted ones?" "They'll go for HAMLIN," was the reply. "HAMLIN is like one of my neighbors up the river; he always owns all the logs that ain't marked."

—Ireland has done a creditable thing in raising the sum of $50,000 for the benefit of the family of the late JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P. The amount has been safely invested.

—General, ex-Governor, and Representative HAWLEY, of Hartford, is said to be an expert with the rifle—one of the best shots in Connecticut. It is certain that so far, in politics, in journalism, and in the war, he has managed to hit the bull's-eye.

—Russia has its queer people. A wealthy baron of that empire recently built a chapel in the Canton of Tessin, and is about to build and furnish, at a cost of $1,300,000, a château. Having an income of $3,000,000, he can afford it. The peculiarity of the great Russian baron is that he changes all his servants every two years, and even his acquaintances. As for his relatives, he ignores them completely.

—In the New York special correspondence of the Cincinnati *Gazette* it is stated that on the 1st of November Commodore VANDERBILT proposes to relieve himself still more from the cares and anxieties of his position as chief in the New York Central, Hudson River, and Harlem railroads, and transfer them to the care of his eldest son, who, indeed, has already relieved the venerable but hale old gentleman of most of the details of management. Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT is known to possess the confidence of those most largely interested in the road. Of its enormous capital of ninety millions, eighty millions are believed to be firmly held for investment, leaving only ten millions—probably less than that—subject to speculation or sale in the Stock Exchange.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	18.—St. Luke the Evangelist; Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	1.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity; All-Saints.
Sunday,	8.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	30.—St. Andrew.

THE Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church began Wednesday, October 7, in St. John's Chapel, New York, which was filled with delegates and an attending congregation. English and Canadian dignitaries—among them Bishop OXENDEN, the Metropolitan of Canada, and Bishop SELWYN, of the diocese of Lichfield—participated in the religious services. The opening sermon was preached by Bishop SELWYN. The House of Deputies was organized by the election of the Rev. Dr. JAMES CRAIK, of Louisville, president. A fraternal message from the Anglican Church Congress, sitting at Brighton, England, was received by Atlantic cable.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has been called upon to mourn the loss of the Rev. Dr. THOMAS M. EDDY, one of its missionary secretaries, who died in this city on Wednesday, October 8. From 1857 to 1868 he was editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of Chicago; more recently he had been pastor of the Mount Vernon Church in Baltimore, and the Metropolitan Church in Washington. Dr. EDDY was a man of great versatility of talent; in the pulpit he was eloquent, and on the platform most felicitous. At the time of his death he was in the fifty-second year of his age.

The reports of the benevolent societies made to the Congregational Council show great activity since the meeting of the Oberlin Council in 1871. The Congregational House in Boston will cost about $450,000, and, it is expected, will be dedicated next "Forefathers'-day." The American Congregational Union aids in the preparation of men for the ministry, and has a revenue approaching $50,000 annually. The receipts of the "College Society" from 1871 to 1874 have been $30,000; the receipts of the College and Education Societies together have been during the last four years $98,000. The American Missionary Association has established in the South seven chartered institutions of learning, eighteen normal and graded schools, forty-seven lesser schools, fifty churches, and has supported 4000 teachers of freedmen. The American Home Missionary Society has an annual revenue varying from $267,000 to $300,000. The Council closed its business sessions Saturday evening, October 3.

The first Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States opened in Calvary Church October 6. After the observance there of religious services the sessions were transferred to Association Hall. The Rev. Dr. A. H. VINTON presided. Papers were read on the "Limits of Legislation as to Doctrine and Ritual" by the Rev. Drs. JOHN COTTON SMITH, HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, and C. W. ANDREWS; on "Clerical Education," by the Rev. Dr. EDWIN HARWOOD; on the "Relation of the Protestant Episcopal Church to other Christian Bodies," by the Rev. Drs. E. A. WASHBURN and E. C. PORTER. The Congress adjourned on Wednesday evening, October 7. Bishops WHIPPLE, CLARK, and HARE took part in the proceedings.

In a preface to the report of his speech before the British Association at Belfast, just published by Messrs. LONGMAN, Professor TYNDALL replies to his critics. Referring to the charge of atheism brought against him, he says:

"In connection with the charge of atheism, I would make one remark. Christian men have proved by their writings to have their hours of weakness and of doubt, as well as their hours of strength and of conviction; and men like myself share, in their own way, these variations of mood and tense. Were the religious views of many of my assailants the only alternative ones, I do not know how strong the claims of the doctrine of 'Material Atheism' upon my allegiance might be. Probably they would be very strong. But, as it is, I have noticed during years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that this doctrine commends itself to my mind; that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form a part."

The Dublin *Evening Post* announces that an authoritative argument will soon be published by the Roman Catholics in refutation of the doctrines advanced by Professors TYNDALL and HUXLEY at Belfast.

Complaint is made that the monument placed over BUNYAN's grave in Bunhill Fields in 1862 by public subscription has been much damaged by visitors. Owing either to injuries or atmospheric influence, the recumbent figure of BUNYAN is crumbling away. The faces in the two bass-reliefs representing the Pilgrim starting on his journey and the Pilgrim at its close have been badly mutilated by chipping.

A large assemblage was brought together by the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Rutland, Vermont. The receipts for the year have been over $400,000. It was determined to raise the sum of $500,000 the coming year. The Rev. MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D., was elected president for the year, and the Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE vice-president.

The Conference of the Evangelical Alliance of Canada was opened in Montreal October 1. Principal DAWSON, of M'Gill College, was elected president. The address of welcome was delivered by the Rev. Dr. JENKINS, of Montreal; replies were made by the Earl of Cavan, the Rev. DONALD FRAZER, of the Presbyterian Church of England, and others. Papers were read by the Rev. DONALD FRAZER on "The relation of Art to Christian Worship;" by Professor M'KNIGHT, of Halifax, on "Confession;" and by the Rev. JOHN LAITHERN on the "Hymns of the Church as a bond of Christian Unity." On Sunday, October 4, a Union Communion service was celebrated.

The "Disciples of Christ," or the Campbellites, as they are usually called, after ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, their founder, have spread through Great Britain. Their annual meeting for the United Kingdom was held at Carlisle August 11. There were reported to be 109 churches with nearly 4000 members associated together. The next annual meeting will be held in Glasgow.

The Roman Propaganda is now directed by a rector, Father GUSTAVUS CONRAD; a vice-rector, Father FORTI; a master of ceremonies, Father VEGLIA; a chief censor, Father POGGIOLI; and by twenty-six professors. There are at present 102 pupils, among whom are six priests and several deacons. The pupils come from the following countries: Abyssinia, Albania, Germany, Armenia, Belgium, Cape of Good Hope, Constantinople, India, North and South America, Dalmatia, Denmark, Ionia, Greece, Egypt, Epirus, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Mesopotamia, Australia, New Zealand, Nova Scotia, Syria, and Newfoundland. At a recent distribution of prizes a list of honors was thus composed: an American, an Irishman, a German, a Nova Scotian, two Greeks, a Spaniard, and an Armenian called YUSSUF MELCHISEDECK. The first Latin prize was taken by a Chaldee, and the Egyptians all showed themselves fine mathematicians.

The Conference at Bonn between the Old Catholics and representatives of the Anglican and Eastern Churches, which began under the presidency of Dr. DÖLLINGER on September 14, is notable as showing the unlikeness of Oriental and Occidental habits of thought. The Greek Church has been undisturbed by controversies for many centuries; most of the questions presented to its representatives in the Conference were so new that they could with difficulty come to a settled opinion upon them. The Greek Church holds that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father only, and consequently rejects the *filioque* ("and from the Son"), which has been inserted in the Nicene Creed. It was decided in the Conference that the insertion of *filioque* was illegal, and it was proposed that the creed be restored to its primitive form, without prejudice, however, to any opinions now held by any parties on the subject. On this entire question the Orientals were very strenuous.

In their effort to meet the Anglicans the Old Catholics made great concessions. It was agreed between them (1) that the apocryphal books of the Old Testament are not of the same canonicity as the books contained in the Hebrew canon; (2) that no translation of the Scriptures can have an authority superior to that of the original text; (3) that the reading of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue can not lawfully be forbidden; (4) that in *general* the liturgy should be in a tongue understood by the people; (5) that faith working by love, not faith without love, is the condition of justification; (6) that the doctrine of the transfer of the merits of the saints to others is untenable; (7) that baptism and the Lord's Supper are the *chief* sacraments, and that the number of *seven* was fixed as a theological speculation in the twelfth century.

Of these articles the second disposes of the paramount authority of the Vulgate; article fifth is an approach to, but still will be considered a deviation from, the Lutheran principle of justification by faith alone; article sixth excludes the modern practice of indulgences.

Other articles of agreement were adopted by the Conference, namely, that the genuine tradition of the doctrine of Christ and his apostles is an authoritative source of teaching; that the Roman doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin MARY is unsupported by good authority; that the practice of confession before the congregation *or* the priest, freed from abuses, should be preserved in the Church; that "indulgences" can only refer to penalties imposed by the Church herself; that prayer for the dead has the sanction of primitive usage; and that the invocation of saints is not commanded as a duty necessary for salvation.

The article on tradition was acceded to by the Anglicans in the sense of not excluding Scripture as the rule of faith. Canon LIDDON was disposed to leave liberty for the acceptance of the immaculate conception as "a pious opinion;" but on this point the Old Catholics were immovable. The article on the "invocation of saints" was rejected by the Orientals.

Finally an article was adopted declaring that the Eucharist is not a repetition or renewal of the sacrifice of Christ on the cross, but a memorial of it. This, with some explanations, was agreed to by the Eastern delegates. The proceedings closed with the recitation of the *Te Deum* and the Lord's Prayer.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

OCTOBER is a golden month in the country. September has garnered some of the harvests, it is true, but the vines are still rich with purple clusters; the fruit trees are bowing to the earth with their golden and ruddy burdens; the forests are magnificent in their gorgeous hues; the ripened nuts turn brown, and fall with the first heavy frosts; the air, fresh and frosty at early morn and at evening, is soft, rich, and balmy when mellowed by the mid-day sun; and all nature shows a contented repose. The farmer has plowed and planted and weeded; he has grafted, pruned, watered, watched, and waited; and now he gathers in his later harvests with a placid moderation born of satisfaction at the result of his labor. Good crops make the farmer comfortable and good-natured, as well they may, for there is a peculiar pleasure in harvesting. We don't know how we might like gathering apples, for example, as a steady employment, but it is capital fun for half a day. We tried it when in the country the other day, and enjoyed it highly, especially when up in the trees. No old-fashioned method of shaking down the mellow fruit, bruising and battering it! Not at all. Standing on the ground, we pluck by hand the rosy apples from the extremities of the burdened, bowing branches; then mounting on steps or ladders, or, better yet, seated comfortably on a spreading bough, we gather swiftly yet singly the thickly hanging fruit, until baskets, barrels, and boxes are filled—and still there is more high above our reach. We almost envy the small boy who, because his bones are not so precious or are not so easily broken, is sent to those topmost boughs.

The wedding of Lieutenant-Colonel F. D. Grant and Miss Honore, which is announced to take place in Chicago on October 20, will be, it is said, as devoid of display as possible. The bridegroom will receive a six months' leave of absence from the War Department; and it is rumored that he will take his bride to Europe to visit Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris.

It is expected that the new dining-hall for Harvard, which has just been opened for the students, will work an entire reform in regard to the rough table manners which are so prevalent among "college boys." Such elegant dining quarters must invite the cultivation of elegant manners.

The restoration of the Vendôme Column is the work of two Paris founders, MM. Maillet and Thiebault. The former provided the models of the pieces broken or lost, and the latter cast them. A large quantity of the original bronze had been taken away, and much more was so defaced that it was needful to recast it. The cost of the restoration will be from 250,000 to 300,000 francs.

Photographs have been taken of Paul Baudry's paintings for the new opera-house in Paris, and we shall soon have an opportunity of seeing them in New York. The artistic world of Paris is taken by surprise at the skill and genius displayed in these remarkable canvases. They are thirty-three in number; some of the largest are thirty or forty feet long, and the smallest are medallions from six to seven feet in height. These paintings are all allegorical, and illustrative of the history of music. Connoisseurs protest against placing them in the opera-house, where they will soon be injured by the heat from the gas. But they will doubtless soon be put in the positions for which they were designed.

For six months of the year the great central plain of California is a dust-swept desert. In April it changes, and becomes a vast flower bed, hundreds of miles in extent, beneath a range of snow-clad mountains.

Among the curiosities of Brazil is the pottery-tree. The trunk does not exceed a foot in diameter, but it grows to the height of one hundred feet. The chief peculiarity, however, is in the nature of the wood and bark, which contain so much silica that they are used in the making of earthenware. The fresh bark cuts like soft sandstone.

A Springfield newspaper thinks that one of the plainest lessons of the recent Fall River disaster is that the children who were in the fated mill should have been in the public school.

"Why will not a pin stand on its point?" was one of the questions put to a Cambridge under-graduate. And he answered thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head, much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which has no parts and no magnitude; a pin can not stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude, and therefore a pin can not stand on its point. 3. It will, if you stick it in."

In Paris the watchmen in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored use a contrivance for obtaining a light which is perfectly safe. The method of obtaining it is thus described:

"Take an oblong vial of the clearest glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive-oil heated to the boiling-point, filling the vial about one-third full, and then close the vial with a tight cork. To use it, remove the cork and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the vial may be used for six months."

Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature*, published in London, is six inches thick, contains three thousand pages, the full titles of some 50,000 books, the short titles of about 14,000 volumes, and the weight of it all is six pounds and fourteen ounces avoirdupois! Not "light literature" that!

A while ago it was announced that the poison of vipers was a cure for hydrophobia, and a case cited to prove the statement. That one poison may counteract another in the human system is illustrated by a would-be suicide in Indiana who swallowed nearly fifty grains of opium. Being at the point of death, as a last resort two-thirds of a dram of nux vomica, dissolved in water, was injected under the skin over various parts of the body. The quantity of poison administered was sufficient to kill a well man, but in this case its antagonism to opium made it an agent of life, for in twenty minutes the man was sitting up in bed, conscious and rapidly recovering.

During the progress of a cause recently on trial in a Maryland court, a young man of marked appearance rose as one of the counsel to address the court. His speech indicated more than ordinary ability, and at once attracted interest; and inquiry elicited the fact that he was Jerome Bonaparte, second son of the deceased nephew of Napoleon I., and had recently been admitted to the bar.

Salmon fishing on the Lower Columbia River, Oregon, has been unusually successful this past season. The best part of the season is from April to August; this year the largest number of salmon was taken in July. The thirteen canning establishments on the river did not take less than an average of 15,000 every night during the month. During the season about 1,000,000 salmon were caught, each averaging, when dressed, sixteen pounds. About 750,000 of these were canned, the remainder salted and barreled. Every one who has eaten salmon, properly canned, knows that it is nice, but probably few know the fact that from the time the salmon is caught until it is ready for market it passes through twenty-seven hands; the can in which the salmon is put employs ten men in the process of making; the case in which the cans are packed employs in the manufacture five men, making in all forty-two persons necessary in a regular establishment to prepare a can of salmon, from the catching the fish until it is ready for shipment. It is no unusual matter for one of the large canneries to prepare for market 25,000 one-pound cans in a day.

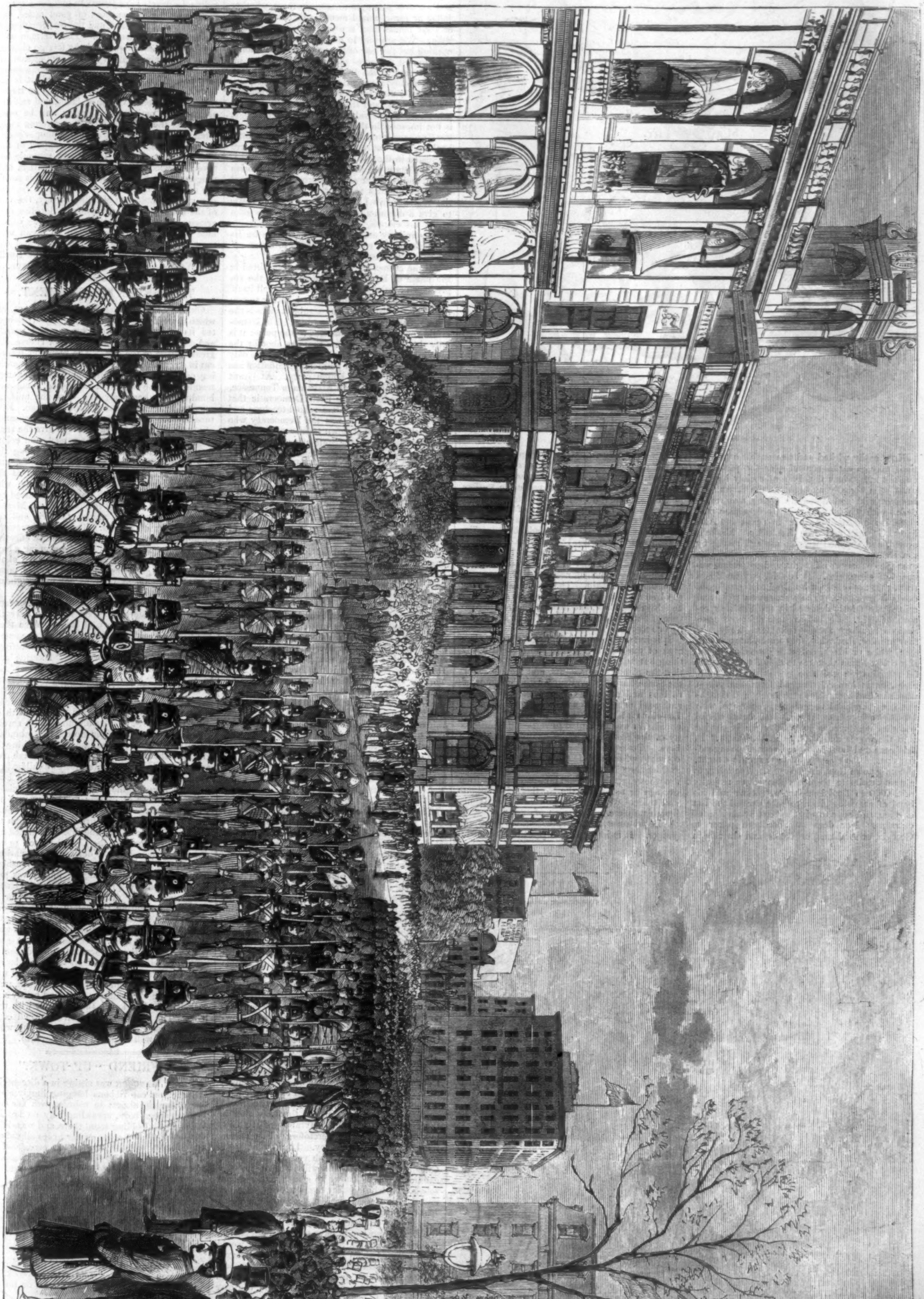
Nothing can be cheaper than going to Europe in these days. Steerage fares have tumbled down to fifteen dollars, and even less; and if any body wants to go for that price, now is the time.

At the exhibition of useful and injurious insects, held in the Orangery of the Garden of the Tuileries, the phylloxera attracts most attention. Almost invisible to the naked eye, he looks the most relentless of bugs when magnified.

In Mecklenburg, in the little village of Dobberan, about two miles from the Baltic, there is a church which contains, according to report, some wonderful curiosities. Among these, it is said, are a "small quantity of flax which the Virgin Mary had for spinning; a bundle of hay which the three wise men of the East had for their cattle and left behind them at Bethlehem; a piece of poor Lazarus's garment; the shoulder-blade of St. Christopher; a piece of linen cloth which the Virgin Mary wove with her own hands; a piece of the head belonging to the fish mentioned in Tobit; a piece of Joseph's mantle, which he left in the hands of Potiphar's wife; a pair of St. Jerome's mustaches; the scissors with which Delilah cut off Samson's hair; a piece of the apron which the butcher wore when he killed the calf upon the return of the prodigal son; a night-cap of the Virgin Mary; a ditto of the infant Jesus; a piece of St. Peter's fishing net," and many other things of a like nature. The custodian of these relics complains bitterly that some of the chief treasures have been stolen, one of which was "a quill from the wing of the Angel Gabriel!"

THE HOBBY IN THE KINDER-GARTEN.

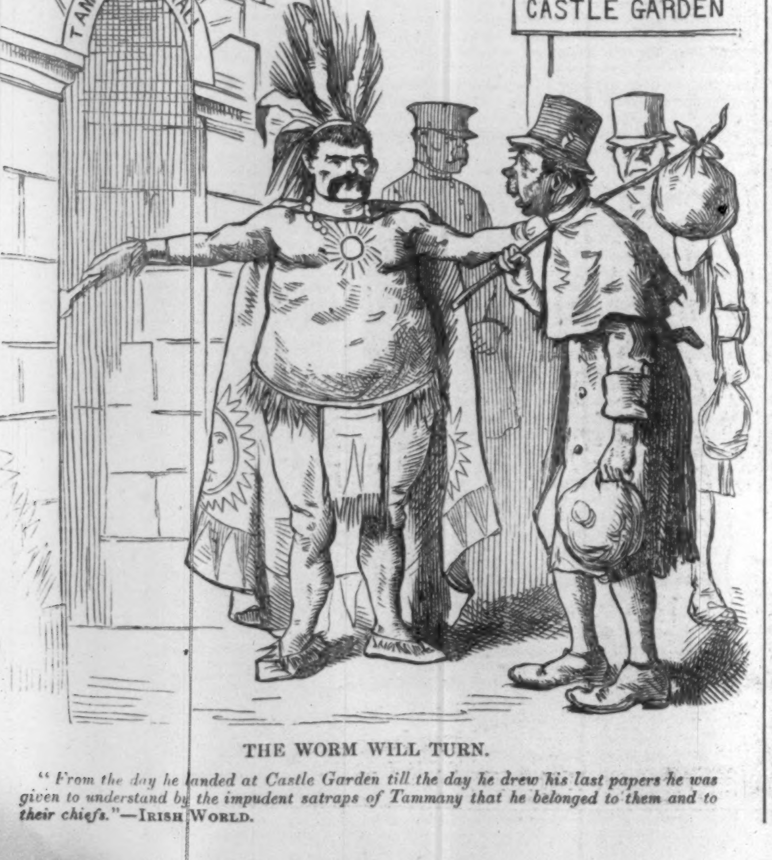
Junior Bennett. "You must take a back seat. I was on first."



FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GALLANT SEVENTH—THE REGIMENT PASSING THE CITY HALL.—From a Sketch by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 878.]

How easily wicked and treasonable organizations may gain the control over the peaceable and the industrious members of society has always been signally apparent at the South. A band of wild and desperate young men, maddened with whisky and torn by demoniac passions, is the governing power in Texas and Alabama, Georgia, and even Kentucky. Masked, armed, and supplied with horses and money by the Democratic candidates for office, they ride over the country at midnight, and perpetrate unheard-of enormities. It is said, and no doubt truly, that not one in a hundred of their fearful deeds is ever told. Their enormous vices and crimes are faintly depicted in the Ku-Klux reports of 1872. Yet before these infamous associations Southern society trembles. They rob, they murder, they whip, they intimidate; yet no man, white or black, dares to denounce them. If a colored man ventures to tell of some frightful assassination which he saw in the dim midnight, he is himself dragged from the prison where he had been placed for safety and slaughtered, as happened recently in Tennessee, with horrible mockeries. If a United States official becomes conspicuous in politics, he is carried into the woods and shot, as at Coushatta. In Alabama and Louisiana the bands of young ruffians patrol the country by day as well as night, shooting down Republican voters. According to a recent estimate, there is a Republican majority of 20,000 in Louisiana, yet M'Enery and his band of assassins claim to have carried the last election, and hope to win the next by their usual outrages. Nor does any Southern paper in Georgia, or Alabama, or Texas, and scarcely in Tennessee, venture even to denounce the murderers or the violators of the laws; or if any Northern journal, roused to a proper indignation by the wrongs inflicted upon peaceable settlers and citizens in the disturbed districts, calls for the suppression and punishment of the lawless crew, it is at once placed under the ban of the secret associations. Such journals (exclaims the Austin *Daily Statesman*) "are more to be hated than the rattlesnake." *Harper's Weekly* has been especially marked in this way, and its sale is forbidden by no unmeaning threats to the booksellers of Austin. The White Leaguers are resolved that the power of a free press shall never be felt in the South, and hope to pursue their career of crime unimpeded by the voice of humanity or reason.

It is impossible to believe that the better class even of the Southern whites can look with any thing but horror upon these various enormities, that the planters, merchants, and mechanics of the South have any sympathy with the bands of ruffians and murderers who destroy the peace and good name of Southern society. Even in Louisiana it is plain that a large part of the white population would be glad to restore the prosperity of the State by a strict enforcement of the laws. Yet such is the terror inspired by the corrupt and murderous minority that the honest and humane members of the Democratic party are wholly unable to shield innocent negroes from outrage or to protect the Northern immigrants and traders who venture to vote for a Republican candidate. The reign of terror overawes the Legislatures, the press, the bar, the juries, the judges. It is impossible to procure the conviction of any member of the Ku-Klux in the Southern courts. Even conspicuous Democrats are not safe from the rage of the midnight assassins; and whoever attempts to restrain them, whether judge or juror, would meet no better treatment at their hands than a white or colored Republican. We are told in a letter from Texas that nothing but the fear of the power of the national government preserves the lives and property of a large part of the Republican party, and that rebellion only apparently slumbers in that powerful State, that traitors rule in its Legislature and its courts, and that its Union men are terrified into abject submission to the rebels. It is not improbable that the loyal party in Texas, the Germans, the colored people, the merchants, bankers, and railroad proprietors, all who are interested in the material progress and prosperity of the State, see the errors of their rulers with alarm, and feel that all their property is in peril and their liberties abridged by the madness of the White Man's League. Yet Texas is made to give a disunion majority by the terrors of a secret association, and its lands sink in value and its railway enterprises languish because its people have not sufficient courage to throw off the rule of its destroyers.



THE WORM WILL TURN.

"From the day he landed at Castle Garden till the day he drew his last papers he was given to understand by the impudent satraps of Tammany that he belonged to them and to their chiefs."—Irish World.

All the crimes at the South are committed in the name of Democracy, and to insure the supremacy of a faction that presumes to call itself Democratic. A tyranny that is laboring to create a ruling aristocracy and a subject plebs is the source of all the Southern disorders. The Democratic voters may go unharmed to the polls: it is only the Republican voters that are shot by the midnight assassins. The Democrats are the only murderers: no trace of political intimidation has been ascribed to the Union party. At Grant Parish and Coushatta, in Alabama or Tennessee, it is the faction calling itself Democratic that burns, outrages, or murders school-teachers and Republicans. And it was the Democracy who in New Orleans shot down twenty or thirty policemen, seized upon the State arms, began a new rebellion, and for a moment ventured to defy the people. Yet this is the kind of Democracy that now rules in most of the Southern States, and is eager to place its friends in power in the Northern. The band of ruffians who under the guidance of M'Enery and Penn have revived the horrors of the Ku-Klux in Louisiana, and the Thugs of Alabama, who, by the narration of one of our correspondents, have made that State a scene of horror and affright, now look for support to their allies in the North. The White League, we are told, would never have ventured to seize upon New Orleans but for the Democratic successes in Ohio and Connecticut; and every rebel in Alabama looks with hope to the promised victories of Tammany Hall. Yet there is one class of our citizens to whom we would especially recommend a study of the character of our Ku-Klux Democracy. It is from the Irish emigrants that the chief strength of the Northern Democracy comes. It is the Irish vote in New York or Ohio that cheers on the murderers of Coushatta and the ruffians of Tennessee. It is the Irish vote to which the band of assassins who, under the name of a White Man's League, now rule by terror in most of the Southern States, appeal to sustain them in their midnight raids and their orgies in the negro cabin. Yet we believe that did the Irish emigrant fairly understand the question in dispute between the government and the Southern rebels, he would vote with no party that sustained the Ku-Klux or advocated bloodshed and disorder.

The thoughtlessness of the Irish voters has been the chief source of our political disturbances. Slavery found in them its constant ally. Misled by their priests and editors, their political chiefs and legal authorities, the Irish have uniformly voted for the advocates of tyranny at the South and disunion at the North. Had they succeeded in their aim, disorder and discord would have covered the Northern States with beggary, and there would have remained no home in all the world for the Irish emigrant. He would have pulled down the only government that could offer him freedom and prosperity. When rebellion rose in the South the Irish vote of New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis was almost the sole reliance of the opponents of the government; and Irish priests and politicians demanded the restoration of slavery and the cessation of the war for union. They supported Tweed to the last; they built up the power of Tammany Hall. Let this be so no longer. Let every intelligent Irishman hasten to instruct his countrymen that the Union is the source of all their prosperity; that they have no enemies so dangerous as the Southern rebels and the Democratic leaders; that the fate of their wives, their children, their homes, and even their faith depends upon the preservation of that national government which has offered them a shelter in the New World from the tyranny of the Old, but which they have heretofore, often unconsciously, labored to destroy. I trust the time is forever past when the Irish vote of New York, Cincinnati, or St. Louis will be given to any candidate who is known to sympathize with the rebels, and whose policy tends to bring beggary and want to every Irish household. The only real friend of the Irish is the Republican party.

It is easy to conceive how the true chiefs of the Democracy would have treated these lawless associations at the South. A Jackson would have crushed them with the vigor of a Grant. It was Jackson who first taught the nation how to treat rebellion in South Carolina, and who founded the Union party. Nor would Wright nor Marcy, nor Madison nor Jefferson, have been less patriotic and decided than Dix and the chiefs of Republicanism. The welfare of the whole people was to them a constant care. Nor would they permit the majesty of the law to be violated by a single rebel, or have rested a moment until the peace of the nation had been assured by all its strength. Their patriotic policy has descended to the Republican and Union party. Men of various shades of opinion upon many political subjects have joined in one common organization for the support of good order, the preservation of the laws, and the perpetuation of the principles of freedom. The German and the Celt, the native-born and the foreign citizen, have a common interest in the suppression of the Ku-Klux at the South and the maintenance of peace. Nor should they rest until it is attained. Liberty and Union can only be maintained by ceaseless vigilance, labor, and self-devotion. No nation can slumber and be safe. And it is the especial duty of our young men, often the mental offspring of our common schools, to give all their strength to the support of the Union and the laws. In the new struggle between knowledge and ignorance, barbarism and progress, feudalism and freedom, which is reviving among us by the influx of a foreign population and the influence of fallen slavery, the fate of the country will hang upon the devotion and activity of its new generation. It is the young men of the nation from ocean to ocean who must preserve the peace of the South and defend the bulwarks of knowledge in the North and West.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

On the 6th inst. the Seventh Regiment, of which New Yorkers are so justly proud, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by a grand parade and a banquet. The parade was, of course, the great feature of the day. The regiment turned out in strength, in full dress and in heavy marching order. The veterans, composed of exempt members of the regiment, numbered about two hundred, of whom only half wore the uniform adopted by the association some time ago. Fortunately the day was very pleasant; thousands of people gathered in the streets to give the regiment a hearty welcome as it passed, and colors floated from almost every house-top along the line of march. The windows, balconies, and even the roofs along the route, as well as the sidewalks, were crowded with spectators, who greeted the regiment with cheers as it passed by. At the City Hall it was reviewed by the Mayor, the members of the Common Council, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin. This is the moment chosen by our artist for the graphic and effective illustration on page 877. In the evening a banquet took place in Irving Hall, at which about six hundred gentlemen, including active members of the regiment, veterans, and invited guests, were present.

No New York regiment has had a more eventful or more honorable career than the Seventh. During the half century of its existence there has been no call from the State, city, or general government it has not promptly and effectively responded to. There were the "Election" and "Abolition" riots in 1834, the "Stevedore" riot in 1836, the "Flour" riot in 1837, the "Croton Water" riot in 1840, the Astor Place riot in 1849, the "Police" and "Dead Rabbit" riots in 1857, the "Draft" riot in 1863, and the "Twelfth of July" riot in 1871. An account of its several camps, its excursions from Boston to Richmond, its return courtesies to military corps visiting the city, and the distinguished visitors in whose honor the city authorities have always exhibited the Seventh with so much pride, would fill a large volume. During the Mexican war it furnished a large number of officers to the army of the United States. On the outbreak of the Southern rebellion it was the first regiment from the State of New York, and the first fully armed and equipped regiment in the United States, to volunteer and march to the defense of the national capital, and the first regiment to reach Washington, then in imminent danger; and it was publicly honored by President Lincoln, General Scott, and other distinguished officers for its services in securing the safety of the national government, its capital, and its archives. Again, in 1863, the Seventh volunteered its services when the government and its capital were in great peril. During the civil war it furnished from its ranks over six hundred officers to the regular and volunteer army of the United States. All were distinguished for their valor and patriotism, many of them won high military rank, and nearly sixty sealed their devotion to their country with their lives. The Seventh may well be proud of its splendid record, and New York and the whole nation may well be proud of the Seventh.

A FRIEND "UP TOWN."

Nurse Maycock was sitting in a disconsolate attitude, her cap ribbons hanging limply about, her under lip almost in contact with her nose. My youngest-born, sprawling idly on her lap, found hardly holding room there, and was sliding down the inclined plane of her knees all unheeded. Nurse, like her master, has occasional fits of gloom and depression, and her sadness, as his, generally proceeds from the same cause, that is, lack of money.

"Well, Maycock," I said, glancing round the nursery, "how are you getting on here? Children all right?"

"Yes, Sir; there ain't nothing the matter with *them*," with a sigh. "I don't feel just right myself."

"Spasms again?"

"A vi'lent pain in the small of the back—just there, you know, Sir," said Mrs. Maycock, giving herself a sharp blow with the fist on the part affected.

"Liver, no doubt," I said. "Take a pill."

"I've took 'em till I'm tired of 'em, Sir. Not but what I should feel better, I dare say, if I was more comfortable in my mind."

"What's your secret grief, Mrs. Maycock?"

"Money, Sir—money. I don't know where

it goes to, really; and children, Sir, they're always dunning of you. Here's my daughter Mary going out to service, and money wanted to get her things, and where it's coming from I don't know!"

"I wish I knew where money would come from when it's wanted."

"Ah," said Mrs. Maycock, resignedly, "you can't get blood out of stone. Well, thank goodness, I've got a friend up there," she said, with a backward jerk of the head.

"A happy frame of mind, nurse," I said. "I wish I had such confidence in the powers above."

"Bless you, Sir, he's the same to one as another, as long as you've got any thing for him."

"Your meaning, Maycock? I don't exactly understand your doctrine."

"My friend up town, Sir—Mr. Gedge, the pawnbroker."

Mrs. Maycock knew that I should not be shocked at this allusion; nor was I. Still I felt bound to offer up a moral maxim or two. "It's a wasteful way of getting money," I said. "You pay about thirty per cent."

"Ah, but it's better than borrowing, after all, Sir. There's no remarks made, and he don't ask you for your money back again. Not but what there's some people sets their faces against it, and my sister-in-law was one as 'ad never go nigh such places, till at last she was drove to it, and made her fortune by it the very first time she went."

"Made her fortune," I cried, my curiosity excited, "out of a visit to a pawnbroker?"

"Yes, Sir, her fortune. He's a master builder, Sir, now, her husband, and they live in a height-roomed house as he built hisself, and was having parish relief no longer ago than that."

"Tell me the story, nurse. I should like to know how it's done."

Mrs. Maycock vigorously stirred the nursery fire, hitched her young charge into a more easy position, adjusted her cap, and began:

"My sister-in-law Emma, as was formerly a Maycock, was in service for a many years with Admiral Brown, living at Witherfield Lodge, Kingston, till she met with Rogers, being a carpenter, a journeyman, but a very good hand, as kept company with her for a good while, and then married. The admiral's family was very kind to them. They give her her wedding clothes and a breakfast the day they was married, and the young ladies presented her with a beautiful silver tea-pot. And as they was going off—a fly and a pair of 'orses and every thing grand—the admiral comes down the steps, and says he, 'Good luck to you, Mrs. Rogers,' he says. 'My daughters have found you a tea-pot and I've found the tea, and I hope it 'll do you good.'

"Well, Sir, Emma was crying a good deal, through having been in her place ever since she was a little bit of a girl, fifteen years in one place; and, 'Thank you kindly, Sir,' she says, 'for all your goodness to me—you and the young ladies;' and nothing did she think about the tea except that the admiral meant as it was the breakfast, where they'd had tea, for to be sure, with sherry wine and every thing first-rate.

"Emma had saved a bit of money, and with that her husband went into business. He were a hard-working man, but unfortunate through speculating in buying timber. And then he was taken ill with rheumatic fever, and little better than a cripple for years; and Emma had a lot of children, seven in as many years, and had her hands full with them, as you may judge. And by degrees they was brought very low. Nothing in the cupboard and seven children tugging at your apron-strings ain't no child's play, is it, Sir?"

"I can sympathize with Mrs. Rogers. How did she manage?"

"Well, Sir, she went to the parish. She'd got some friends among them as was on the boord, and she told 'em as how she'd struggled hard to keep her home together, and would the gentlemen kindly give her some relief till such times as her husband could get into work again. Well, Sir, they hum'd and ha'd; it was against their rules, they said, and so on; but the end of it was as they give her a shilling a week for each of the children, and three and six for her husband and her. And with that and what she made going out washing they kept body and soul together.

"They'd always managed to keep a decent house about them, for that was her pride, poor thing; as I should have been too proud for to go to the parish, and would have sold every stick and stock I had sooner than do it. But them wasn't her feelings. 'We've paid rates ourselves,' she says, 'as long as we could, and now let them pay for us,' says she. And there was reason in that.

"Yes, Sir, she'd a nice little house, with a parlor as they never used, that was as neat as a new pin. A little carpet on the floor, a little round table in the middle, two little cupboards, one on each side of the fire-place, and on one of 'em a mat in violin-work, and atop of that the silver tea-pot."

"Do you mean that it was the fiddle pattern, Mrs. Maycock?"

"I don't know what patten it was, but it was a beautiful tea-pot, as always stood on that mat of violin wools. She'd never used it, bless you, never had made no tea in it; not when she'd company or nothing. There it stood, just as she'd had it from the admiral's family, with the silver paper inside it and all! She cleaned it every week on Saturdays with whitning, and brushed it over with an old tooth-brush.

"Well, Sir, Emma had just come home from a day's washing, and was tighting herself up the best way she could afore she sat down to mend the children's things, when there was a knock at the door, and Emma answers it; and, lo and behold! there stood a lady in a black silk dress with a drawn bonnet, and says she, 'Are you Mrs. Rogers?' 'Yes, ma'am, and what's your pleasure?' says Emma. Says she, 'I'm—'"

"Not the district visitor again," said I, laughing, as, by Mrs. Maycock's knitted brow and pursed-up lips, I conjectured that she had conjured up before her mind's eye an image of her *bête noire*.

Mrs. Maycock shook her head in a way that implied a good deal. "Yes, the district visitor," she went on; "and so Emma says, 'Indeed, ma'am!' and shows her into the parlor, being a bit humbled in her mind through getting parish relief. So the lady looked here and there, and up and down, and axed Emma ever so many questions about this and that and the other; and in the middle of it all the baby cries, and away goes Emma to 'tend to it. Well, when she comes back the lady looks very cross and uppish, and she says, 'Mrs. Rogers,' says she, 'may I ask if this here's your tea-pot?' 'Why, yes, ma'am,' says she, 'as was gave me by Admiral Brown's family.' 'Oh!' says the visitor, in a towering rage, 'and you receive arish relief, with a silver tea-pot, as I could never afford such a thing for myself!' says she; and with that she flings away.

"And what do you think she does? Writes a long letter to the head boord in London; and down comes a gent ready primed with every thing a-purpose to make inquiries as to Emma's tea-pot. And after a bit the gentlemen send for her, and say they, 'We're very sorry, Mrs. Rogers, but our masters say you ain't to have no more relief,' and struck her off the books.

"And then she was druv to it, as 'ad never been to a pawnbroker's in her life; but go she must with her silver tea-pot, as she cried over as she packed it away in her basket. And she shook and trembled that vi'lent, as she went along, and was that pale, as people turned round to look at her. And she come to the pawn-shop, and her heart failed her, and she walked on and on, ever so far beyond, thinking as every body was watching her; and at last she turned back, quite desperate, and went right in. And when she got inside the door she didn't feel so bad, and she says to the man, 'Being in a little bit of difficulties through want of money,' says she, 'would you kindly advance me as much as you can without inconweniencing yourself,' says she, 'on this piece of silver?' and brings out her tea-pot. Well, the man snatches it up, and he looks at it all round, and here and there, and rings it, and makes a little tiny scratch inside it, and then he fetches out his weights and scales. 'Don't want this ma'am,' says he, flinging out the paper as was inside; and Emma takes it up to fold it out, as it might be a sort of remembrance to her of the tea-pot as was gone, and, lo and behold! there was a hangvelope in the middle of the silver paper, as must have been there ever since it was give her. 'Mrs. Rogers' was outside it, 'with Admiral Brown's best wishes.' 'Oh, la!' she says, 'I never see this,' and opened it quite faint-like, and there was a fifty-pound note! And that was the admiral's tea, as flashed into her mind after all them years. 'Thank you, Sir,' she says; 'I'll not trouble you now,' says she, and sets off home hugging her silver tea-pot to her heart.

"And she spent five pounds of it in sending her husband to Margate; and he come back quite another man, and got a contrack, and with having a bit of ready money, he made a good thing of it, and never looked back afterward, but come to be the man I told you of, with houses of his own, and money laid out at interest, and all through her going to her friend up town, which must be my journey when I've seen the children to bed. La, there's the postman's knock!"

The postman's knock it was; and the children tumbled one over the other in their eagerness to bring me the letters. And there was a letter that inclosed one of those pleasant crisp papers, yclept checks, which are so grateful to the empty itching palm. And for this time I was able to save Mrs. Maycock a journey "up town."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A SERIOUS loss in the ranks of American naturalists has occurred in the death of Professor JEFFRIES WYMAN, of Harvard College, which took place at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, on the 4th of September.

Professor WYMAN was born in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, on the 11th of August, 1814, and consequently was in his sixty-first year at the time of his decease. He graduated at Harvard in 1833, and at the Massachusetts Medical College in 1837, after which he visited Europe, and spent two years in studying medicine and natural history. From 1843 to 1847 he was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical department of Hampden Sidney College, Richmond, Virginia. He then received the appointment of Hersey Professor of Anatomy in Harvard College, and of Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the Lawrence Scientific School. More recently he has been in charge of the Peabody Museum of Archæology, at Cambridge, an institution connected with Harvard University, and endowed by Mr. PEABODY with a large fund.

In connection with his duties as Hersey Professor in Harvard College, Professor WYMAN brought together, at his own expense, a valuable and extensive cabinet of comparative anatomy, which, we believe, was purchased by Harvard College.

Professor WYMAN has long held a prominent position among American naturalists, and has had the good fortune to escape many of the jealousies which so frequently exhibit themselves in men of science. His kindness of disposition and constant willingness to place his services at the command of those who might call upon him were proverbial. Singularly modest in the estimate of his own powers, and retiring in character and manners, it required a constant effort on the part of his friends to induce him to assume positions to which he was entitled by the variety and thoroughness of his acquirements.

Thoroughly grounded in the principles of natural history, his researches embraced most of the departments of comparative anatomy and zoology, in nearly all of which he was equally at home. One of his most important papers was that upon the gorilla, of which he received a specimen from Dr. SAVAGE, and of whose peculiarities he gave a satisfactory account. Many articles from his pen grace the pages of the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, to which institution his death will be a serious blow. For many years he was one of its most prominent members, as well as its president.

One prominent publication on his part consists of a course of lectures upon comparative physiology, delivered by him before the Lowell Institute, Boston. The *Journal of Science* and the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge also included him in the list of contributors.

For a number of years past Professor WYMAN has been in feeble health, with a tendency to pulmonary disease, which made it necessary for him to spend his winters in Florida. Here, however, he was not idle, but devoted himself to the study of the ancient shell heaps which occur so extensively in that State, and upon which his researches have thrown very great light. Collections made by him are to be found in the Peabody Museum, at Cambridge; and since his death a meeting of the trustees of the museum has been held, at which, among other transactions, they placed Professor ASA GRAY in charge.

We notice an incidental mention in the *Revue et Magasin de Zoologie* of the death, some time prior to January last, of its founder, M. F. E. GUERIN-MÉNEVILLE, a fact that had not previously come to our notice. M. GUERIN-MÉNEVILLE was well known as an eminent French entomologist, and especially as the founder first of the *Magasin de Zoologie*, in 1831, and then of the *Revue Zoologique*, in 1836. Some years afterward they were merged in one under the title of the *Revue et Magasin de Zoologie*, and continued until the present time under that name. The present publishers are E. DEYROLLE ET FILS.

We have already announced to our readers the departure, some months ago, of the *Swatara* with that portion of the American observers of the transit of Venus destined for the antarctic regions. This consisted of five parties, one each for Hobart-Town, Kerguelen Land, New Zealand, Crozet Island, and Chatham Island. Two more of the parties left San Francisco on the 28th of July, by the steamer *Alaska*, for Nagasaki, whence they were to be conveyed to their destination by the frigate *Lackawanna*. One of these, destined for Pekin, was made up as follows: Professor JAMES C. WATSON as chief astronomer; assistants, Professor CHARLES A. YOUNG and THOMAS P. WOODWARD; chief photographer, W. V. RANGER; assistants, E. WATSON and BENJAMIN J. CONRAD. The other, bound for Wladiwostock, Siberia, was thus organized: chief astronomer, Professor ASAPH HALL; assistant, A. B. WHEELER; chief photographer, Mr. CLARK; assistants, T. S. TAPPAN, G. J. ROCKWELL, and F. M. LACEY. A mechanician accompanied this party, in case the cold weather should affect the instruments.

The apparatus taken by each of the parties mentioned consists of a telescope for photographing purposes forty feet long, which will make an image of the sun four inches in diameter; an equatorial telescope five inches in diameter and seven feet long; a transit instrument; with minor instruments, such as clocks, chronographs, and magnetic instruments. The instruments were all made in this country, and were purchased principally of CLARK & SON, Cambridge, and STACKPOLE & BROTHER, of New York. The chronometers were made by NEGUS, and the clocks by HOWARD & Co., Boston.

The eighth and last party, under Professor GEORGE DAVIDSON, of the Coast Survey, expected to leave San Francisco toward the end of August for Nagasaki, to establish a camp of observation at some point in Japan not yet fixed upon.

A paper was read by Professor PANCERI before the Egyptian Institute of Cairo, relating to his experiments on the action of the poison of Egyptian serpents, in which he presented the conclusion that two animals only, the ichneumon and *Mephitis libyca*, are able to resist large doses of the poison of the naja and the peraste, so that in ordinary cases they may be considered as invulnerable to these serpents. These results are thought possibly to account for the veneration in which the ichneumon is held by the ancient Egyptians.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan it was stated that the Army Signal-office had expressed its willingness to assist the society in any possible way to secure a complete set of meteorological observations in Yokohama; that, on the other hand, the assistance of the Japanese government was much to be desired, in order that a general system of meteorological reports might be made throughout the empire in accordance with the simultaneous system recommended at Vienna. The light-house and mining departments of Japan keep meteorological records, and it was remarked by Professor AYRTON that the Japanese government, so far as he was able to learn, was inclined to leave purely astronomical observations to the Naval Department, while the Engineering College would undertake those of a meteorological character. Men eminently adapted to the most accurate observations could, according to him, be readily found among the cultivated Japanese. The importance of telegraphic lines and telegraphic communication in Japan in reference to earthquakes was especially mentioned, and also the interest that would attach to electrical observations.

It is stated that Dr. JOHN EDWARD GRAY, who has been for fifty years connected with the British Museum, and is at present the keeper of the zoological department, proposes to resign his post during the coming winter.

The precise relationships of certain species of American deer to European analogues, the moose, the reindeer, and the elk especially, have been the subject of critical consideration on the part of naturalists for many years past, some maintaining that they are identical and others that they are distinct. No one has given the matter more attention than Judge CATON, of Illinois, who for many years has had in his large park near his residence at Ottawa specimens of nearly all the American species, where he has carefully studied their habits.

Quite recently Judge CATON visited the north of Europe for the purpose of examining the Old World forms in life, and has satisfied himself, from careful study, of the absolute identity of the moose and the caribou of the two continents, and of the very close relationship between the American elk and the European stag. One character of much importance in the deer consists in the presence and shape or entire absence of a peculiar gland on the metatarsus of the hind-leg, this being indicated, if present, by a tuft of hair of a particular shape, and varying with the species. The American representatives of the moose and caribou do not possess such a gland; and as Dr. JOHN EDWARD GRAY asserts its existence in the European species, Judge CATON at one time inferred a specific distinction. He now finds, however, that equally with the American they are destitute of the gland, and that there is absolutely no point in which they can be separated.

In regard to the relationship between the European stag and the American elk he finds the principal difference to be in the smaller size of the former. Fossil remains, however, show a size equal to our variety, with antlers equally large, and with all the distinguishing peculiarities, even to the occasional presence of a snag on the brow antler, which occurs in about five per cent. of our elk; but never, so far as Judge CATON could learn, in the European animal of modern times. The two also inbreed perfectly well in European forests, with fertile progeny.

This entire subject will probably be thoroughly elucidated by Judge CATON in an exhaustive work on the American cervidæ, upon which he has been engaged for some years past.

The *Athenæum*, in a highly commendatory notice of a work by RÉVY upon the hydraulics of great rivers, especially of the Parana and Uruguay and the estuary of the La Plata, refers to a generalization obscurely indicated in the work, and which the reviewer thinks, if absolute, may be called RÉVY's law, stating it in the following terms: "The inclination of the surface being the same (and no interference arising from other causes), the velocity of a river is as the square of its depth."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN reminded of their want of progress in agriculture and manufactures, the Spaniards relate a legend, that Adam, once upon a time, requested leave to revisit this world—once his Paradise. The leave was granted, and an angel commissioned to conduct him. On wings of love the patriarch hastened to his native earth; but so changed, so strange, all seemed to him that he felt at home nowhere until he came to Portugal. "Ah, here," exclaimed he, "set me down here: every thing here is just as I left it!"

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretense,
We pity his want both of judgment and sense;
But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man.

Shortly after the battle of Princeton a witty Scotch farmer amused himself by writing a humorous ballad upon it, which so stung one of the officers who had behaved very badly on this occasion that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him at H—— for mortal combat. The second found the farmer busy with his pitchfork, to whom he delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good-humored farmer, turning toward him with his agricultural implement in his hand, coolly said, "Gang awa' back to Meester Smith and tell him I hae nae time to come to H—— to gie him satisfaction; but that if he likes to come here, I'll just do as he did—I'll run awa'!"

A wag, on seeing his friend with something under his cloak, asked him what it was. "A poniard," answered he. But he observed that it was a bottle. Taking it from him and drinking the contents, he returned it, saying, "There, I give you the *scabbard* back again."

A man not a thousand miles from Syracuse having made an assignment, some years since, was called upon by a New York creditor, to whom he exhibited his books, and with whom he proposed to settle at fifty cents on the dollar. The New York man replied, "How can you pay fifty cents on the dollar? Your assets will not pay over forty cents." "Well, never mind that," said the unfortunate assignor; "if my assets will not pay the fifty cents, I will make up the deficiency out of my own pocket." What became of the New Yorker after that, deponent saith not.

A Highlander who sold brooms went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," says the shaver; "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gie ye a baubee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again."

The man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato plant—the only good belonging to him is under-ground.

During a recent trial in Essex County, Massachusetts, a man was placed upon the stand to testify as to some boundaries of land. "How long have you lived in Gloucester?" asked the plaintiff's counsel, in a loud tone, approaching very near the witness. "Hey?" said the man, placing his hand behind an ear and leaning forward. "How long have you lived in Gloucester?" repeated the lawyer, separating the words with a tremendous roar. "Ah!" replied the witness, "yes! about two rods." "You may step down," said the lawyer. "Yes," replied the witness, "it might be a little more."

An Episcopal clergyman who rather likes a joke was engaged to read the service for a brother minister, and was hurrying to church a little belated on Sunday morning. A friend, struck by his uncommon speed, inquired, "Sir, why so fast?" "In order," said he, "that he who runs may read."

Of a truth, a home without a girl is only half blessed; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon.

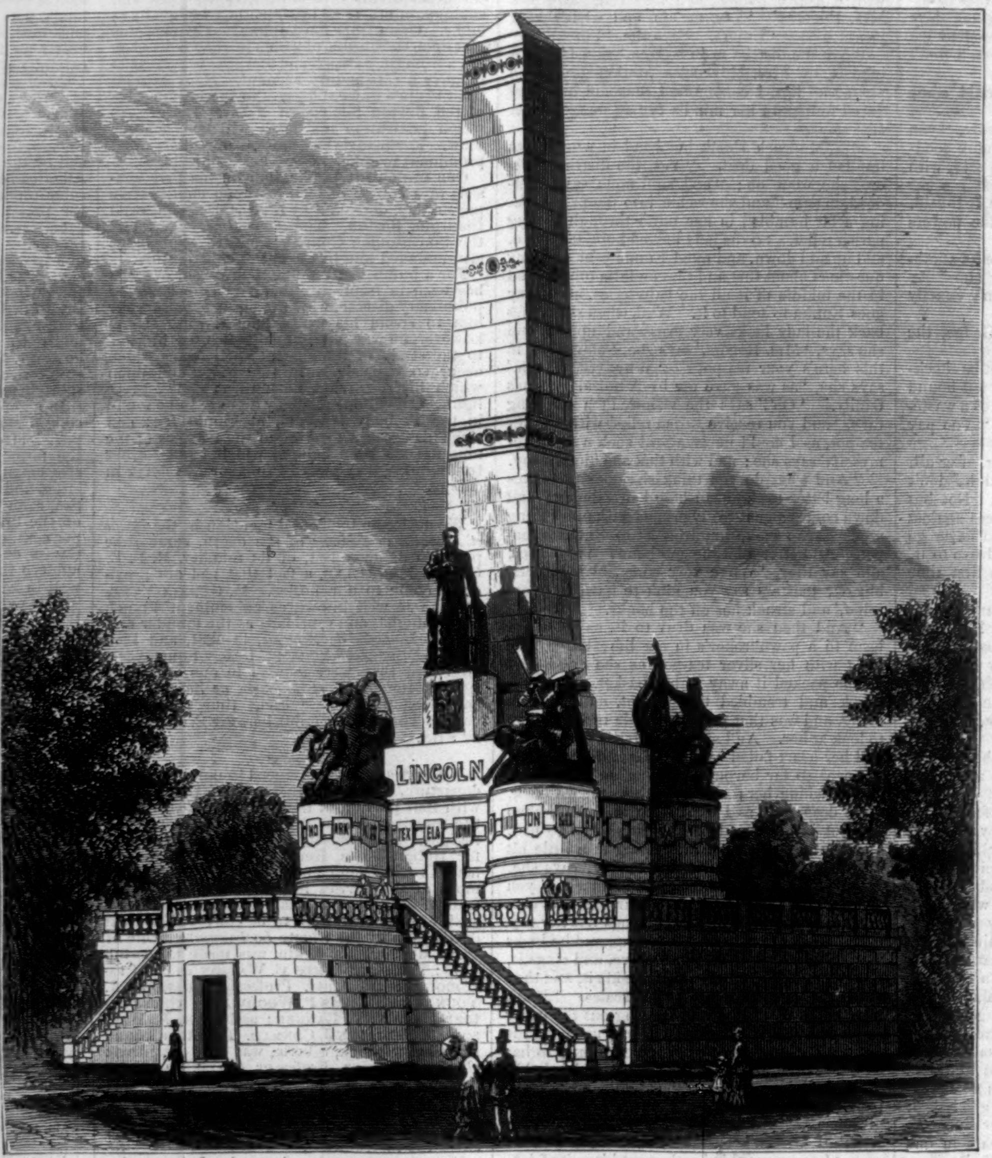
You often hear of a man being in advance of his age, but you never hear of a woman being in the same predicament.

A grammarian mourns because the Roman word "commence" is taking the place of the good English word "begin." The latter is a compound word made up of three-fifths gin, and people do not like to put it in their mouths these temperance times.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

We give on this page an illustration of the monument erected at Springfield, Illinois, in honor of President Lincoln, which includes a bronze statue of the President modeled by Mr. Larkin G. Mead. The statue was put in its place on the 3d inst., and was formally unveiled on the 15th in the presence of a vast assemblage of people from all parts of the country. It stands on the south side and in front of the shaft, about thirty feet above the ground. President Grant and many other distinguished guests, both civil and military, were present at the ceremony. The statue is an excellent and characteristic likeness of Mr. Lincoln. The figure is represented as dressed in the double-breasted long frock-coat and the loose pantaloons which were the fashion ten or twelve years ago, and consequently make the form appear somewhat more full and robust than Mr. Lincoln really was. The portraiture of the statue is realistic in its fidelity. The rather stooping shoulders, the forward inclination of the head, manner of wearing the hair, the protruding eyebrows, the nose, the mouth, with the prominent and slightly drooping lower lip, the mole on his left cheek, the eyes sitting far back in his head, the calm, earnest, half-sorrowful expression of the face, all recall to the minds of his old friends and neighbors the simple-mannered, unaffected man who lived among them until he was called away to enter upon the duties of Chief Magistrate of the nation.

As will be seen from our engraving, Mr. Lincoln is represented with his left hand resting upon fasces, around which are gracefully folded the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Lincoln is represented as having just signed the Proclamation of Emancipation, and in his left hand he holds a scroll marked "Proclamation;" in the right hand he holds a pen. The coat of arms upon the face of the pedestal on which the statue stands represents the American eagle standing upon a shield partly draped by the flag, with one foot upon a broken shackle, and in his beak the fragments of a chain which he has just broken to pieces.



THE LINCOLN MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—[Photographed by C. J. Payne.]

The monument is constructed in the most substantial manner of Quincy granite. In the base are two chambers. The one shown in our engraving is called Memorial Hall, and contains some interesting relics of the late President. The other, on the north side, contains the caskets inclosing the remains of Mr. Lincoln and his little son "Tad." The opening above Memorial Hall is the entrance to the winding stairs leading to the top of the monument. The several subordinate groups of figures shown in our engraving are not yet placed in position. Each group is intended to represent a branch of the service of the United States.

The monument was erected under the superintendence of Mr. W. D. Richardson, from the design of Mr. Larkin G. Mead. The base is seventy-four feet on each side and twenty high, the total height to the top of the shaft being one hundred and twenty feet. The structure cost $250,000.

THE PAPPOOSE.

The once numerous and powerful tribe of Shoshone Indians has dwindled down to a few hundred. All along the line of the Union and Central Pacific Railroad they may be seen loafing about in a most wretched and forlorn condition, begging for money or food from every traveler. To those who have never come into contact with Indians on their native plains, the sight of the squaws and pappooses is something very droll and interesting. The poor creatures crowd about the railroad stations on the arrival of the trains, and pick up many a penny by showing off their babies to the lady passengers. Our engraving represents such a scene. The squaws generally ask "two bits" for the pappoose show, and the fair ladies, always interested in babies, are frequently very generous in their gifts to the poor mothers. The pappooses are sometimes very bright and handsome. They are closely strapped to boards, as shown in the engraving, the object being to keep them quiet and make them grow straight.

"TWO BITS TO SEE THE PAPPOOSE."

POACHERS.

One of the legal consequences of owning land in England is the property which it brings with it in all the animated tenants of the forests, meadows, and streams. Birds, fish, and deer, pheasants and plover, foxes and hares, belong as much to the proprietor as the trees and the fruits of his garden. Whoever shoots a bird or traps a rabbit on one of the immense English estates is liable to imprisonment like a thief or a burglar. The game-laws authorize the owner to defend his warrens and preserves even by killing the trespasser who resists his servants and refuses to leave his land, and the property in game is enforced by all the powers of the British constitution. The right of fishing in certain streams or hunting over certain grounds is bought and sold as commonly as the right to preach and pray. The lives of the throngs of hares, foxes, and birds that swarm in countless numbers over England are guarded with sedulous care; and the unlucky tenant-farmers, who often see their crops devoured and their gardens pillaged by the rabbits and the rooks, have no resource but submission. They look with no kindly feeling upon the landlords who nourish the vermin that overrun the fields, or who in the autumn ride over meadows and hedges and plowed land in their mad chase after a hare or a fox; and the hungry laborer, whose family seldom tastes meat and often suffers for want of less costly food, can not avoid a pang of envy and of discontent when he sees the forest and meadows swarming with useless and destructive game which he is forbidden to touch, but which would bring back perhaps the failing strength of a sick wife or a feeble child. Temptation is ever before him. He can not always resist. Poaching is one of the commonest crimes in England, and is punished with extreme severity. The country magistrates, who are always land-holders, have no pity on the young laborer who is caught shooting his first partridge or hare; and the rigid game-laws are said to be the cause of a rapid growth of crime in the rural districts. The young man who has been tempted to poach in the teeming forest or preserve, and is detected, loses at once character and hope. He is imprisoned or fined. He enters upon a new course of crime. In his madness and want he robs, perhaps at last he murders, and sometimes the gamekeeper who procured his first conviction has fallen a victim to his rage.

At night the gamekeeper and his men, and sometimes the proprietor himself, wander over the immense estates in search of poachers. They are well armed and prepared for resistance. They track their victims with the stealthy tread of the savage. The report of a gun or the trail of men over the grass guides them to their enemy, and the poachers, who are always on the watch for the gamekeepers, and are also armed, not unfrequently make a bold resistance, and a nocturnal skirmish and combat take place in the green glades of the forest. All over England, in the season of game, this constant vigilance must be exercised, and an army of gamekeepers are kept in activity in order to secure this migratory

POACHING IN ENGLAND—GAMEKEEPER AND ASSISTANT LYING IN WAIT.

kind of property. Yet poaching still flourishes, and large quantities of cheap game find a way to the London market that could never have been sold so low unless it had been obtained as easily as Robin Hood's venison. Poaching has naturally a strong attraction for all the idle and reckless young men of the country. They find in the woods an easy means of making money for dissipated pleasures. They at least can see no wrong in clearing the land of useless game. They have their haunts in the depths of the English forests, and live a nomad life, that is not unlike that of a Western trapper. The Sioux are not more hostile to the white hunter who intrudes upon their hunting grounds than is often the English land-holder to his poachers, nor more resolved to extirpate the bold intruders. Between the poacher and the English squire a war has raged since the days of Puck and Robin Hood.

Yet the progress of intelligence and humanity in England promises soon to abolish even the game-laws. Already they have been amended in several of their harsher provisions. This season several of the large land-holders have thrown open their immense hunting fields to the people, and have allowed game to be pursued freely by all who chose to come. It is scarcely possible that the English can much longer consent to preserve this nursery for discontent and crime; and when the public schools have spread over the country, as they are now rapidly doing, the game-laws must fall before the light of knowledge. It is indeed remarkable that they should have lasted so long.

SPONGE FISHERIES.

SPONGES, to speak of them in a general way, are zoophites, half animal, half vegetable. They grow on rocks in the sea, and fishing for them is a regular trade on the coasts of Greece, Syria, the West Indies, and elsewhere. In some instances they are secured by diving, and in others by being pulled up by a pronged instrument. Some new and interesting information respecting the Syrian sponge fisheries is condensed as follows in the *Pall Mall Budget*, from the commercial report of a British vice-consul at Beyrout for 1873:

"The total value of the sponges fished on the coast of Syria is from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds. The production is, however, falling off through excessive fishing, and the consequent exhaustion of the fishery grounds. About two hundred and fifty to three hundred boats are at present employed in this industry on the coast of Syria, manned by about fifteen hundred men. The centres of production are Tripoli, Ruad, Lattakia, and Batroun on the coast of Mount Lebanon. The best qualities are found in the neighborhood of Tripoli and Batroun; but the boats visit all parts of the coast, from Mount Carmel in the south to Alexandretta in the north. The majority of the boats used are ordinary fishing boats, three parts decked over, and carrying one mast with an ordinary lug-sail. They are from eighteen to thirty feet in length, and are manned by a crew of four or five men, one of whom is specially engaged for the purpose of hauling, while the rest are divers. In some cases the men own their own boats, but generally they are hired for the season, which extends from June to the middle of October. No wages are paid; the remuneration consists in an equal share of the produce of the fishing. The profits of a good diver reach as high as forty pounds a season. Diving is practiced from a very early age up to forty years, beyond which few are able to continue the pursuit. It does not appear, however, that the practice has any tendency to shorten life, although, as the diver approaches forty, he is less able to compete with his younger and more vigorous brother.

"The time during which a Syrian diver can remain under water depends, of course, on his age and training. Sixty seconds is reckoned good work, but there are rare instances of men who are able to stay below eighty seconds. The men on the coast, however, make extraordinary statements as to the length of time their best hands are able to remain under water, and gravely assert that eight and ten minutes are not impossibilities. The manner of diving is as follows: The diver—naked, of course—with an open net around his waist for the reception of his prizes, seizes with both hands an oblong white stone, to which is attached a rope, and plunges overboard. On arriving at the bottom the stone is deposited at his feet, and keeping hold of the rope with one hand, the diver grasps and tears off the sponges within reach, which he deposits in his net. He then, by a series of jerks to the rope, gives the signal to those above, and is drawn up. In former years the Syrian coast was much frequented by Greek divers from the islands of the Archipelago. Their number is now restricted to five or six boats annually, the skill of the Syrian, combined with his superior knowledge of the fishing grounds, enabling him to compete successfully with his foreign opponent. Although they vary much in quality and size, sponges may be generally classified as, 1, the fine white bell-shaped sponge known as the 'toilet sponge;' 2, the large reddish variety known as 'éponge de Venise,' or 'bath sponges;' 3, the coarse red sponge used for household purposes and cleaning. Two-thirds of the produce of the Syrian coast are purchased by the native merchants, who send it to Europe for sale, while the remainder is purchased on the spot by French agents, who annually visit Syria for the purpose. France takes the bulk of the finest qualities, while the reddish and common sponges are sent to Germany and England. The revenue derived by government from this industry is a tenth of the value of the produce."

IT is a striking illustration of the very recent growth of artistic taste in its higher forms among us that a quarter of a century ago no artistic bronzes were imported into this country except by specific order, or in the luggage of travelers returning from the "grand tour." To-day this importation forms a distinct and daily-increasing branch of the business of such houses as that of STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John Street, and new works, as rapidly as they are produced, find their way to this firm. The industry itself, in truth, is of recent origin, even in Europe. Half a century has not yet elapsed since one of the leading manufacturers associated himself with Collas, the inventor of the process of "mathematical reduction," and began the production of artistic bronzes on a scale and at prices to put them within the reach of moderate fortunes. This manufacturer now employs five hundred men, and the list of his reproductions of the great works of sculpture embraces more than fifteen hundred subjects. From this "foyer" of the arts, and not from this alone, the warerooms of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS are constantly receiving new guests; for it really is scarcely civil, or even accurate, to speak of such beautiful creations as the Daphne and Chloe, or the "Fire" and "Air," or the swart stately Assyrian and Egyptian goddesses, priestesses, princesses, and warriors, that succeed each other in this permanent exhibition of art, as "things of beauty." They are a sort of persons. A noble statue, whatever may be its proportions, takes upon itself a sort of life,

"All breathing human passion far above,
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—[*Com.*]

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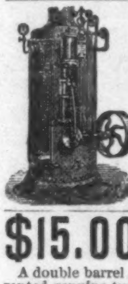
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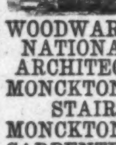
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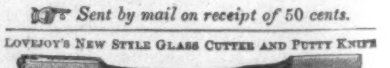
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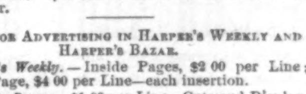

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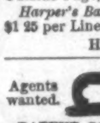

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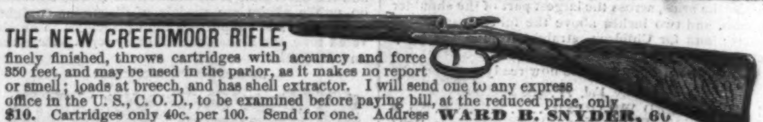

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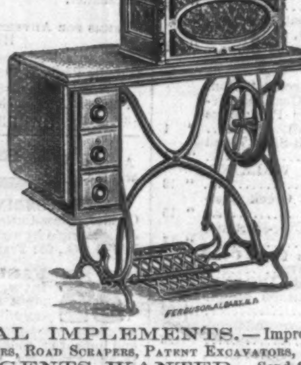

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STREET BEGGARS IN NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

STREET BEGGARS.

THERE is a vast amount of suffering among the poor of all great cities, especially during winter, when the misery of cold is added to the cravings of hunger, and charitable people need never be at a loss for deserving objects of their kindness. At the same time a distinction should be made between those who are driven to ask alms by necessity and a class of persons who are brought up to beggary as a profession, and practice it as an easier means than working to gain a living. The sketches on this page illustrate this feature of low life in New York. In one we see the little girl prepared in her wretched cellar home for going upon the street in the most effective style. She is dressed in scanty rags, and the old hag who employs her is drilling into her memory the woful story she is to repeat, as well as threatening the poor little thing with a sound thrashing if she returns empty-handed at night. It is to the credit of humanity that they rarely go home without full baskets. Nothing is easier than to declaim against professional beggary, but, after all, is it not better to give now and then to the unworthy than to run the risk of turning away a deserving sufferer whom sickness or want of work has driven to beg for food?

(Continued from No. 929, page 848.)

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

"LOST TO HER PLACE AND NAME."

"THESE people were not common wanderers," said Mrs. Trevanard, continuing her story. "I soon discovered that they belonged to a very different class than the tramps who came prowling about the place in summer, begging, or stealing whenever they had a chance. The woman was a pretty-looking gentle creature, who seemed deeply grateful for small kindnesses. She had not long recovered from a serious illness, the husband told me, and her delicate looks confirmed his statement. The man spoke well, if not exactly like a gentleman, and his clothes, worn almost to rags, were not the clothes of a working-man. I fancied that he was a lawyer's clerk, or perhaps, from his fluency of speech, a broken-down Methodist parson."

"He spoke like a man accustomed to speaking in public, then, I conclude," said Humphrey.

"Yes, that was the impression he gave me," replied Mrs. Trevanard. "I went back to the house after having made them tolerably comfortable in the loft," she continued, "and all that night I lay awake thinking about these two people. They seemed to have dropped from the skies somehow, so suddenly and unexpectedly had they come upon me in the winter dusk, and it came into my head, in that weary night, that they were instruments of Providence sent to help me in my trouble. I had no clear thought of what they would do for me, but I felt that since I should be compelled to trust some one by-and-by with some part of our fatal secret, it would be easier and better to trust waifs and strays like these people, who might wander away and carry their knowledge with them, than any body else. Neighbor or friend I dared not trust. My sole hope lay among strangers."

"Did none of the farm people know of these wanderers' arrival," asked Humphrey.

"No. The men were at their supper when I took these people to the loft. It was a loft over some empty stables, where Squire Borcel used to keep his hunters over a hundred years ago, and was only used at odd times for a surplus supply of fodder. I knew it was safe enough as a hiding-place so long as the people kept tolerably quiet. I had warned them against making their presence known, as my husband was a hard man—Heaven forgive me for so great a falsehood! and might object to their being about the place. Well, the snow came down thicker than ever next morning, and to try and find a path across the moor would have been madness. Those most accustomed to the country round would have been helpless in such weather. So I took the people in the loft a warm, comfortable breakfast of coffee and bread and bacon, and I told them that they might stay till the weather changed."

"They were grateful, I suppose."

"They thanked and blessed me with tears. I was ashamed to receive their thanks, knowing my selfish thought had been only of my own trouble, and how little I had cared for their distress. The man told me that his name was Eden, and that he was a broken-down gentleman. I think he said he had been in the army, and had wealthy relations; but they had discarded him, and after trying to earn his living by the use of his talents, he had fallen into extreme poverty. He and his wife had come to Cornwall, having heard that living was cheap in the west of England. I gathered from him that he had tried to pick up a living by teaching in a gentleman's school, but had failed, and was at last compelled to leave his lodgings, and in his extremity had determined to appeal to Squire Penwyn, whom he had heard of as a wealthy man. For that purpose he had rashly attempted to walk across the moor, the snow having held off for a little, with his weakly wife. 'Heaven help you if you had found your way to the old Squire,' I told him; 'he's not the man to do much for you.' I told them both that they might stay until the weather was better, or stay till Mrs. Eden had picked up her strength by means of rest and good plain food, provided they kept themselves quiet in the loft; and they blessed me again as if I had been their good angel."

"It was a welcome boon, no doubt."

"In the course of that day it came out that Mrs. Eden had not long before lost her first baby, and that she had fretted for it a good deal. This confirmed my idea that these people were instruments sent me by Providence, and I laid my plans, and arranged every thing clearly in my own mind. A fortnight went by, and the snow began to melt in the valleys, and our men had hard work to keep the place from being flooded. Michael was out all day helping to cut drains to carry the water off the stack-yard. As the weather brightened Mr. Eden seemed to get uneasy in his mind. 'You'll be wanting to get rid of us, ma'am,' he said. 'The wayfarers must resume their journey through the wilderness of life.' But I told him he could stay till the weather was milder, on account of his sickly wife. I was not ready for them to leave yet awhile."

"And in all this time no one discovered them?" asked Humphrey.

"No; that part of the premises lies out of every one's way. You may go and look at it to-morrow, if you like, and see what a deserted corner it is. They had a fright once or twice—heard the men's voices near—but no one ever approached the loft. I took care to pay my visits to them at meal times, when there was no one about to see me. I always kept my dairy under lock and key, and I used to put the supplies for my pensioners in the dairy. It was easy to carry things from the dairy to the loft without being observed. I fed them well, gave them a few old books to read, and gave Mrs. Eden working materials, and a piece of calico to make under-garments for herself, and a useful gown or two into the bargain. I had ample stores of all kinds hoarded up, and it was easy enough for me to be charitable."

"Your pensioners did not get tired of their retreat?" inquired Humphrey.

"Far from it. They had suffered too much from actual want not to be thankful for food and shelter, which cost them nothing. Mr. Eden told me that he had never been happier than in that loft. I had contrived to take them over blankets, and a few old cushions to sit upon, and many other comforts, by degrees. Mrs. Eden's health had wonderfully improved. One day, after she had been talking to me of the child she had lost, I asked her if she could love and cherish a motherless infant confided to her care. She said she could indeed, with all her heart, and her whole face softened at the thought. It was a kind and gentle face at all times. I asked her no further questions upon the subject, but I felt full confidence in her. A week after that I took her a new-born babe in the dead of the night—a sweet little lily-faced creature, dressed in the baby clothes my own fingers had stitched for my own first-born child, Muriel. Heaven knows what I suffered that night when I laid the innocent lamb in Mrs. Eden's arms—she only half wakened, and scared and surprised by the suddenness of my coming. I had meant to tell her that the infant was the child of one of my servants, but when the time came I could not utter the lie. I told her only that the child was motherless, and that I confided it to her care from that hour, and that on consideration of Mr. Eden and herself taking the babe into their keeping and bringing it up as their own, I would give them a good sum of money to start them in a respectable way of life. But before I did this they must pledge themselves never again to appear at Borcel End, or any where in the neighborhood of Borcel End, and never to make any application to me on account of the child. From the hour they left Borcel End the child would belong wholly to them, and there would be no link to connect it with me. I said all this hurriedly, that night, but I repeated it again next day, in a formal manner, and made them take a solemn oath upon my Bible, binding them to perform their part of the bond."

"Did they stay long at Borcel after the child's birth?"

"Only five days, for I dreaded lest the baby's crying should be heard by any one about the place. Mrs. Eden took great care of the helpless little thing, and kept it wonderfully quiet, but the fear of its crying haunted me day and night. I was always fancying I heard it. I used to start up from my pillow in the dead of the night, with the sound of that child's crying in my ears, and used to wonder my husband was not awakened by it, although it would not have been possible for the sound to reach our bedroom if the child had cried its loudest. But, though I knew this, the sound haunted me all the same, and I determined that the Edens should start directly it was reasonably safe for the infant to be moved. The weather was now mild and dry; the mornings were light soon after six o'clock."

"How did you get them away secretly?"

"That was my great difficulty. There was no possibility of going away in any vehicle. They must go on foot, and make their way back to Seacomb. At Seacomb they would take the train and get out of the county. After thinking it over a long time I decided that the safest

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 888.]

STARTING FOR THE PYRAMIDS—SKETCH

[SK]ETCH AT CAIRO.—[SEE PAGE 888.]